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THE BEAUTIES OF THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS,
AND THE ADVANTAGES TO BE DERIVED FROM THE STUDY OF THEIR WRITINGS.

THE above words formed the title which was prefixed to the leading article of our last number; nor,—when we took up our pen with the hope of in some degree rendering those of our readers, who have not yet “slumbered on the double-headed summits of Parnassus, nor laved their brows in the waters of the Hippocrene,” familiar with those mighty masters of the shell,—did we entertain an idea of extending our labors beyond the limits of a single paper.

Contrary, however, to our expectations, we found ourselves compelled to break off as it were *in media rebus*, leaving some points, neither the least worthy of consideration, nor in our estimation the least interesting, wholly unnoticed; having therefore once embarked upon a subject so faithful in all, which should combine amusement with instruction,—the wild legends of ancient days, of

* * “Thebes’ or Pelops’ line,
Or the tale of Troy divine”—

the strange superstitions of unenlightened Paganism,—the fresh outpourings of the virgin muse,—we shall at once resume the thread of our interrupted discussion, seeking no other talisman, to guard the minds of our readers against the fiend *ennui*, than the everlasting variety of that mine of golden ore, which we aspire to disclose before them.

In entering upon this topic, we declared our intention of pointing out concisely, what were the peculiarities in the form of government and public worship, which fostered the tragic babe, and gave it power to spring at once from the cradle to the unrivalled proportions and perfect vigor of intellectual manhood. To exhibit some of the principal features of the system, as it may almost be termed, according to which all the extant tragedies are regulated, as well as the distinct qualities of each one of the poetic triumvirate; in what points they differ from, excel, or fall short of the Romantic or Shakspearian school; and lastly what are the principal advantages to be derived from the study of these relics of a race deceased. On the three last-mentioned divisions of the subject we have as yet barely touched, and

it is upon these that we would now set forth a few observations—and firstly on the distinct qualities of each one of the poetic triumvirate; for although it has been usual to include the three great teachers of the scenic art, Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, under one common head, as the attic tragedians, yet the difference in style, character, and even poetical merit, is not more clearly marked between Otway and Shakspeare, than between those first born minstrels of the drama.

Each has his peculiar beauties, and in some measure his peculiar defects also; each delights in the delineation of one master passion, and by its effect sways the affections of his audience almost without the agency of the other “vultures of the mind.” Nor is it in the choice or management of their plots alone, that this difference will be remarked, but in the structure of their verse and the whole turn of their phraseology; so far indeed does this peculiarity extend, that it would be no arduous task for a person conversant with these noble monuments of ancient lore, to assign, without a moment’s hesitation, even an isolated line to its undoubted author.

There are many causes which render it nearly impossible to convey an adequate idea of this distinction, wide as it is in reality, to the mind of an English reader, either by translation or otherwise. As far as translation is concerned, the principal reason for this difficulty is the vast gulf which is set between the characters of the Greek and English languages; in the former all variations of tense or mode, case or gender, number or person, being conveyed by the termination of the verb or noun; and the syntax being determined by signs or prepositions, which, though not expressed, are co-existent with that termination; so that a sentence may consist of a verb and a few nouns with their adjectives, without the incumbrance of those monosyllabic auxiliaries and particles, which have led foreigners to imagine, that the high value set by the English nation on that most precious of commodities *time*, has induced them to curtail even their dialect of its just and harmonious proportions. This is in truth the cause, which has almost precluded the possibility of a translation from the Greek poets into our tongue, combining at the same time the merits of a literal with those of a poetical version. Those who have attempted this most arduous and thankless of tasks, have almost invariably either fallen into the gulf of Charybdis, or been shattered against the opposite rocks of Scylla: they have either wandered with Pope, or plodded with Chapman, accordingly as nature has framed their souls to soar or to sink. They have either despaired of success in imitating a model, the pure grace of which they could not hope to equal, and have determined to rear an edifice elegant indeed, but unauthorized by the rules of architecture,—like the beautiful but irregular mosque of the Mahometan rising upon the chaste ruins of some classic shrine,—or they have preserved the very stones of which the temple was constructed, but piled them into a shapeless and unseemly pyramid. They have either interwoven their own tinselled ornaments upon an already perfect text, and so have fallen in the vain attempt

“To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet”—

or they have adhered to the letter without catching the spirit of the original. In the desire to avoid weakness in a paraphrase, they have rushed into the opposite weakness of a feeble and imperfect translation. With a

rich compound before them, they have neither boldly dared to coin a compound in their own tongue,

"which should,
As loud as theirs, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouthed thunder"—

nor even ventured to expand a single *iambic* into two lines, rendering every portion of the poetry and truth contained in the original. They have preferred the substitution of some tame sound, filling the place indeed, but not the station; preserving a part of the sense, but destroying the metaphorical signification; and have so produced an image, which like the plaster cast moulded from the features of the dead, retains the form without the expression; they have presented to us a shape lovely indeed, but lifeless; we may admire the beauty of the lineaments, but in the midst of our admiration we shall

"Start, for soul is wanting there."

Such are, in a few words, the obstacles which oppose themselves to the execution of a perfect transfusion of the attic drama into our own tongue; and if these are of a nature so unyielding as hardly to allow the performance of the task *at all*, no one can be astonished if those distinctions of style and manner—which are to be observed only in the most minute points, in the most delicate touches—vanish entirely from sight, when the plant that gave them birth is removed from its native earth to a foreign and ungenial soil. We would by no means be understood as wishing to undervalue the labors, or depreciate the works, of those who have directed their energies to this herculean task; many of whom have given birth to poems which must rank high in their own language as mere *poems*, and which reflect equal honor upon their creators as versifiers and as scholars. On the contrary, what we mean to assert is simply this—that no translation, however ably executed, can convey to the mind of man a correct idea of these earliest specimens of the European drama.

This then is the object of our argument; to make it evident, that any man who shall commence the study of the Greek language, and shall find himself possessed of abilities—as how few are not—sufficient for its acquisition, will deprive himself of a source of enjoyment certainly inferior to none of which the human mind is capable, if he turn aside from the path, before he shall have reached the summit that will at once disclose to his enraptured view the wide and blooming prospect, which his less adventurous rivals may never hope to behold.

What would be our opinion of a student in the modern tongues, who should read, *for instance*, just enough of Italian, to be equal to the mastering some easy selection of fables by aid of grammar and dictionary, and who should then rest from his toils, while an Ariosto and a Petrarch, a Tasso and a Dante were vainly wooing his further progress? Of a French scholar who should sit down contented with the acquisition of knowledge sufficient for the perusal of *Telemaque* or *Numa Pompile*, while Moliere and Rousseau, and Corneille and Voltaire were still to him a shut book and a dead letter?

And yet this is daily and hourly the case, as relating to students in our academies and colleges; they wade through the perplexities of grammar; they stumble through *Æsop's* fables; perhaps they read a few books of

Homer, or a few chapters of Xenophon; they come forth into the world as scholars and graduates; and then they shut up their books, burn the lexicon, nor ever again think of Greek, till in the course of years they shall have taken unto themselves wives and become the happy parents of some hapless urchin, who in his turn is to be phlebotomized into the acquisition of languages which he may in his turn—forget!

What, we would then ask, is the use of classical schools and universities? To what end are boys instructed in the Greek language at all, if the highest point, the *ne plus ultra* of their studies, is to be Xenophon's *Cyropædia*, and a few books of the *Iliad*, acquired only to be forgotten? If there be any advantage at all in the study of the dead languages, it is, that in perusing thoughts of the most sublime nature, clothed in versification more elegant, more harmonious, and more appropriate, than the world has since produced, the reader should feel his own heart kindle,—his own ideas and words catch the inspiration of his immortal masters. And is not this pre-eminently the case among the wise and great of Europe? Where is the poet or the orator who has not imbibed copious draughts of eloquence from the sages of ancient Greece? To what does Canning, himself a poet and a rhetorician hardly surpassed in modern times—to what does Canning ascribe the constant succession of men, qualified by their erudition to fill the highest offices of state, and by their powerful diction to arrest the attention of a fastidious parliament,—to what but the system of education pursued in the schools and universities of Great Britain?—A system of education which does not halt upon the threshold of the temple, but leads its pupil into the very holy of holies, and there sets him down in actual communion with the mighty dead; nor suffers him to depart from thence till he shall have acquired the *torrens facundia lingue*, the rich flow of imagery, and the propriety of words wherein to clothe it, from the tragedians, the orators, the philosophers of old. To what does Brougham—the master spirit of an age, teeming with genius, and striding with unexampled rapidity to that knowledge whose acquisition is power—to what does he attribute his own marvellous eloquence, by which he has rivetted for successive hours the admiration of the coldest and gravest assembly of the universe, forcing even his political antagonists to cheer with bursts of sincere applause the very thunders which were leveling the strong-holds of their own cherished opinion—to what but the early and assiduous study of the Attic school?

Two mighty instances we have cited, and we might as easily enumerate hundreds more; from the immortal Milton—whose pages teem with allusions to the legends, and translations from the lays, of mythological antiquity; who has even produced a drama—"the *Samson Agonistes*"—constructed on the Greek model, and executed with the strictest attention to all the rules of Athenian criticism, and provided with that anomaly in modern literature, a chorus,—downwards, through centuries inferior to none in the successful cultivation of letters, to the greatest minstrel of our own day, the brilliant but eccentric Byron. It has, we are well aware, been the fashion for men, while lauding to the skies his minor pieces, his *Corsair*—*Giaour*—*Bride of Abydos*, &c.—to condemn or slight the dramas, which from time to time have been the offspring of his prolific brain; because, forsooth, they are not adapted for representation according to the present

taste of the play-going public ; yet, in our opinion, there is not a more chaste or beautiful composition, among all his various and voluminous effusions, than the neglected Manfred : nor are Sardanapalus—the Two Foscari—or even Faliero—wanting in scenes, and in poetry, fully equal to any of his own preceding works, and immeasurably superior to the melodramatic trash of the stage managers and drivelling poetasters, who have taken possession of this most arduous, and, at the same time, most noble department of literature.

In each and all of these dramas there are strong traces to be perceived of Byron's admiration of the Greek school—they are all marked by the unity of time at least, if not of place ; they are all adorned by the continuous flow of those grave and noble sentiments, which were formerly deemed most congenial to the tragic muse ; they are all sustained by a constant flow of rich yet simple language, unmixed with the licentious wit, or unconcealed ribaldry, which, though a blot on the most perfect tragedies of the British, will never be discovered sully the bright pages of the Athenian school. Nor is it in these minor points only, in which this similarity is to be observed, but even in his choice of subjects, in the turn of his ideas, and in the current of his versification. The celebrated Jeffrey has long ago observed that Manfred bore a stronger resemblance, without being either a translation or a servile imitation, to the Prometheus,—by many esteemed the *chef d'œuvre* of Æschylus, than any other modern work ; nor can one compare the two, without being instantly struck by prevalence in each, of the same train of thought,—the same application of the beauties of the natural universe to the reasonings of either hero, each himself

Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar ;—

the same vein of thoughtful melancholy, which is perhaps inseparable from all true poetry, as musicians have long pronounced it to be from all sweet sounds. Nor can he fail to discover in the latter, numerous passages of exquisite beauty, which seem to flow as naturally from the ground-work of the older drama, as the intricate variations of some modern harmonist proceed from the simpler melodies of some ancient and perhaps forgotten master. In illustration of our meaning, we are tempted to place before our readers two passages exhibiting the process to which we have alluded—the one from the second scene of Manfred, the other a literal translation of a gem often quoted and generally admired from “ the Chained Prometheus.”

* * * * * My mother earth,
And thou, fresh breaking day, and you, ye mountains
Why are ye beautiful ? I cannot love ye,
And thou the bright eye of the universe
That openest over all, and unto all
Art a delight, thou shinest not on my heart.
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, &c.

Oh eternal atmosphere, and swift winged breezes.—Oh fountains of rivers, and unnumbered smiles of ocean billows ; and thou earth, mother of all things—and thou, the all-surveying circle of the sun, on thee I call.—Behold me, how great are the sufferings which, myself immortal, I endure from an immortal oppressor.

This is a single example of what might be shown in numberless instances, oftener perhaps in the writings of Byron than of any other poet, but still so frequently in others as fully to establish our position,—that nothing tends

more to the formation of a brilliant style, and to the advancement of poetic skill, whether exhibited in thought or word, whether in the spirit or in the frame which contains it, than a thorough comprehension of the language, and a constant research after the beauties, of the Greek Tragedians. Our limits must prevent us from saying much concerning what we believe to be the defects in American classical education, and indeed, except incidentally, such a discussion would be foreign to our subject; to be brief, we object to the system, as here pursued, that it is a mere sowing of seed, never to be followed by a gathering in of the harvest; and when we consider the numbers who commence the study of the dead languages, yet never pursue that study to any result, we can never avoid mentally comparing such education, to the culture which would proceed from ploughing and harrowing the soil, and then leaving it, when prepared for the reception of the grain, to be overrun with weeds, useless at best, and perhaps even destructive to life.

Having thus adverted to some of the most obvious benefits to be derived from the study of the Attic writers,—for in fact the language of the Tragedians is but slightly distinguished from that of many prose writers, and to be conversant with those almost of necessity involves an acquaintance with these.—We shall endeavor to exhibit the leading features of the Greek dramatic school, by which it is distinguished from the theatre of our own times, as well as a few of the more evident differences perceptible in the surviving dramas of the three Athenian masters.

The Greek Tragedy, before the time of Æschylus, had consisted merely of soliloquies uttered by a single actor in the Iambic, or, as many suppose, Trochaic measure, and of the reflections arising in the minds of the Chorus from these somewhat unconnected speeches.—Æschylus, who also invented the mask and buskins, was the first who introduced a second actor, and consequently a dramatic form, to that which had previously been little more than a narrative, adorned with lyric songs, more or less remotely connected with the incidents described. Notwithstanding this improvement on the inartificial plan of the ancient drama, we shall still find that this great poet was but in the infancy of his art as a tragedian, however high might be the soarings of his unlimited fancy. This is manifest from the extreme simplicity of his plots, the weakness of his dialogues as compared with his isolated speeches, and lastly from the fact of his having endeavored to excite no other emotion than that of terror in the bosoms of his audience. With regard to the simplicity of plot, no clearer explanation of our meaning can be given than a short analysis of one tragedy, which may be considered as exhibiting in a high degree the character attributed to all. We will take for example, “The Seven Chiefs against Thebes,” which opens by an exhortation of Eteocles to his subject citizens, calling upon them to be of good courage, and strive manfully against the approaching Argives.—A messenger enters, and relating the arrival of the besieging force, describes in magnificent verse the oath of the “Seven Chieftains,”—“Either to take this city of Cadmus by storm, or to besmear the soil with their own life-blood:”—Hereupon the chorus of Theban virgins burst into a choral strain of terror, mingled with supplication to the Gods; this hymn they continue,—heedless of their monarch’s anger,—till threatened with instant death if they shall persist in disturbing the city, and chilling the valor of the be-

leaguered warriors by their senseless clamor. When these timid damsels are at length pacified, seven successive messengers arrive, each describing one of the seven hostile leaders,—his arms, equipments, and the mode in which he is preparing to attack one of the seven gates of the blockaded city,—and to each messenger Eteocles replies, by a description of the Theban chief whom he is about to despatch against their several antagonists.—At the last arrival (his twin brother Polynices) his haughty spirit takes fire, he calls for his “grievous, his spear, his buckler wherewith to ward off the stones” and rushes into the field, that he may “stand a king in strife against a king—a brother against a brother—an enemy against an enemy.” His departure is followed by another choral hymn of doubts and fears, which is succeeded by the entrance of another messenger announcing the defeat of the invading army, and the death of the two ill-fated brothers by their kindred hands. The bodies are brought upon the stage, and the piece is concluded by the lamentations of Ismene and Antigone over the corpses of their brethren, and their determination to perform funeral rites in honor of both, notwithstanding the denunciations of Creon’s herald against whomsoever shall dare to follow the traitor Polynices, with sepulchral libations or the shrill strains of lamentations, to the tomb.

From this slight specimen it will not be difficult to form some idea of the bare outlines which, in the earlier stages of the art, were deemed sufficient to constitute the basis of a tragic plot. Indeed, it is not a little singular to observe the paucity of matter whereon these fathers of the theatre have exercised their talents, and so gained immortality, not for themselves alone, but for the most trifling incident connected with their lives, their country, or their language. From among all the extant plays, it is wonderful to consider how many are founded on the histories of two families—the Labdacidæ of Thebes, and the Pelopidæ of Mycenæ; and it is still more wonderful that a yet larger proportion of those recorded by name, but lost for ever to the student, relate to the crimes and calamities of the same races. It is true that the legends of these royal families are most fruitful in those vicissitudes of guilt and punishment, of unlawful deeds and equally unlawful vengeance, which were peculiarly adapted to the genius of the Attic stage; for it was not on the softer and more engaging affections, but on the wild and stormy passions, that they “knew to build the lofty rhyme,”—it was not the pure love, the unchanged constancy, the pious devotion of the human soul,—but the fierce desire, the bitter hatred, the heart-consuming jealousy, the desperate and fruitless struggle against an overruling and merciless destiny, which was then deemed legitimate food for the wonder and admiration of a free and literary audience. Whether or not modern authors have done well in substituting the sentimental afflictions of enamoured maidens for the frantic anguish of a Medea, or the guilty desires of a Phœdra, it is not for us to decide; but setting that comparison, which has long been pronounced odious, entirely aside, it is surely a fact worthy of consideration, that not one of the recorded or surviving tragedies derives its interest, from that “course of true love” which, according to the experience of the mightiest spirit that has entwined its recollections with our land’s language, “never did run smooth.” The purest, the least selfish, the divinest of all earthly feelings, was either utterly unknown, or esteemed worthless and beneath the dignity of the buskined muse. Nor is it possible to

discover the true cause, or even to assign any plausible ground, for so strange a neglect of that feeling which later ages have thought most worthy to be embalmed in song or story. Neither the state of society, nor the character and tone of the popular mind—as far as we can judge of either at so remote a period—offer any solution of the difficulty; for should we admit—as we readily may—that the female sex in ancient Greece were treated with little or none of that delicate and chivalrous attention, which indicates a state of affairs more refined than that of the olden time;—that the men were either stern, ambitious politicians, or profligate sensualists;—that the damsels were mere soulless puppets of a master's will,—wedded without previous familiarity,—wooed without a courtship,—won by the spear,—or purchased by intrigue;—and that, consequently, there could be no room for the growth of romantic attachment; still, even this admission will not tend in the least to diminish our embarrassment. Since all that has been advanced concerning the morals of the Athenian republic, may be predicated of the marriages of the *ancienne regime*, of the licentious court, and the corrupted society of France, with far superior justice; and this, too, at the very time when Voltaire, and Corneille, and Racine, and Rousseau, were revelling in the warmest descriptions of Platonic affection, undeviating truth, and “love unquenched, unquenchable.” Without attempting then to enter upon any speculations concerning the motives which produced this anomaly in Attic literature, we must be content to know, that it does exist; while, like a thousand other mysteries of the visible world, its origin is shut up for ever from our dull senses, and imperfect understanding. Many situations undoubtedly occur, in various among the Greek dramas, in which the greatest effect might have been produced from the introduction of the all-powerful spirit; for instance—in “the Iphigenia at Aulis,” of Euripides—the royal virgin is enveigled from the maternal care, on the pretext of a celebration of nuptials with the young Achilles, previous to the departure of the combined nations. The true cause,—her intended immolation at the altar of Diana,—is revealed to the wretched mother, who like

“A cubless tiger in the jungle raging”

hurries to the station of the wind-bound fleet, and wins the generous heart of Achilles, by representing the dishonor which must accrue to his unsullied name, from his participation in so cruel a fraud; she moreover, contrary to the wishes of the hero and the custom of the times, brings forth her daughter to thank him for the aid he has promised. What an opportunity is here for the sudden birth of love, and how greatly would such an incident—described, as it would have been by the most pathetic of the tragic school—have contributed to the emotions of the audience! No such turn however is given to the feelings of either; the remonstrances of Achilles are fruitless, and the arts of Calchas are not exercised in vain. The only play—tragedy we can hardly call it—of which the catastrophe in any wise depends upon a pure and permitted love, is the *Alcestis* of Euripides; wherein the young wife takes upon her the doom that is intended for her husband; it having been ordained that Admetus must perish—not violently, be it observed, but by the natural hand of death—unless some other person will subject his life to the

“Fate we dread, yet dwell upon”—

His parents, his friends, his attendants, all hang aloof, dismayed at the very idea of such a forfeiture—the young wife stands forth in the serene fortitude of hallowed affection, and redeems her spouse from the shades of hell, even by the sacrifice of her own existence. This, we allow, has some resemblance to that feeling which later poets have so loved to paint; but even this has reference to wedded affection, not to the hopes, the fears, the rapture, and the vanity of unrequited, or even of requited, love. This, however, is not the only singularity, which an accurate survey can discover, in that branch of the tree of wisdom which is now before our eyes. Another is the strange notion of destiny, which prevails more or less in the effusions of all, though more strongly insisted on by the elder *duo*, *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*. Both of these, especially delight in painting the struggles of lofty, and in many cases virtuous minds, vainly struggling in the web of a destiny, to which the gods themselves were subject. The utter impotency of man, the total absence of free-will, are the constant text from whence they have wrought out the most extraordinary deductions. *Orestes* is compelled by the oracle of *Apollo*—himself a blind agent in the hands of necessity—to slay his mother *Clytemnestra*; avenging, by this parricide, the blacker crimes

“Of her, the homicide and husband-killer.”

Hardly is the destined deed performed, before the last extremity of punishment inflicted on the guilty dead, is recked on this hapless slave of fate, by the visible presence of the torturing *Eumenides*. In like manner, it is predicted before the birth of *Ædipus*, that he shall murder his father, and wed his mother. With all the loathing of a pure spirit, with all the energies of an exalted understanding, he strives against the idea of such atrocity; and by the very avoidance of those, whom he has been led to deem the authors of his being, he is led into the commission of that “crime which he doth most abhor,” and incurs, not the compassion, but the hatred, of both men and gods.

This destiny it is, which furnishes such variety of fearful incidents, and moving horrors, in the royal races of *Pelops* and of *Labdacus*; and which have given so wide a field to both *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* whereon to exercise—the former his gloomy spirit, delighting in terror and bloodshed, and holding the souls of his audience—not in

“Willing chains and blest captivity”—

by the influence of the horrible and supernatural, unmixed with aught of love or pity;—the latter to display those dignified sentiments, that stately harmony of verse, that high-minded pathos, by which he earned the title—most tragic of the bards of Greece.

Being conscious that we have already extended this article, far beyond our usual limits; trusting to the importance of our subject, no less than to that fascination, which has never ceased to attract all hearts and eyes to the antiquities,—the records,—the monuments,—and the muse of ancient Greece;—we have thought it more advisable to separate from these protracted reflections, two slight specimens of the Greek chorus, which we had resolved to set before our readers, even at the hazard of incurring censure; for defects similar to those, which—according to the inherent weakness of our nature—we can perceive readily enough in the translations of

others,—while, in our own, they are concealed from our sight, by the dazzling obscurity of an author's self-gratulation.

Taking all this into consideration, we have transferred the passages, which we had selected for this purpose—a choral hymn relating to the often-told, but never exhausted, tale of Troy's destruction, from the 889th line of the *Hecuba*; and a dirge chaunted over the body of the heroine, from the 448th of the *Alcestis* of Euripides—to subsequent pages of the present number; and now, unwillingly, we are compelled to bring our labors to their close, nor, as we withdraw our hand from the plough, can we forbear to gaze with regret on the wide expanse of rich soil which we must leave unturned. Happy if, by any exertion of ours, we shall have induced even one mind to seek for the pure waters of poetry, in their purest and most limpid well; thrice happy, if these slight considerations may lead some aspiring youth to venture upon the first step of that path, which shall eventually conduct him to the attainment of erudition, and to the loftiest summits of virtuous ambition.

STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY THE MELODY OF AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

I.

HARP of the viewless air—
Whence springs the power thy trembling wires disclose,
What spirit hand is wildly wandering there,
To steal repose?

II.

Hark to the charmed sound,
Impetuous rushing on the prisoned ear,
With shivering symphonies at once unbound
In joy and fear!

III.

Now on night's breast they faint,
And now a parting requiem round they pour,
As moonlight waves which seek with dying plaint
The silent shore.—

IV.

Art thou the breath of Hope,
Glad but uncertain in her promise fair—
Hope, whose enchanting voice alone may cope
With our despair?

V.

Or art thou memory's moan—
When aching hearts on past endearments dwell—
Restoring dreams of bliss too early flown,
And loved too well?

VI.

Vainly I question thee
Again I hear thy swell, again thy sigh,—
Oh, wind harp wild, must these forever be
Thy sole reply?

E. L. Bulwer

Asmodeus at Large, by the author of *Pelham*, Eugene Aram, &c. Philadelphia,—Carey, Lea and Blanchard. 1833.

"SHALL I ever finish these papers? I intended to conclude them with the new year; but wherefore? they suit one month as well as another—their subjects always vary—nothing can be more dissimilar than two several numbers of the series, touching on all subjects, exhausting none. These papers fulfil for the 'New Monthly,' the same objects as the 'Noctes' fulfil for 'Blackwood's;' and, like the 'Noctes,' therefore, may be continued while the world continues to furnish matter for criticism or comment." If it be lawful—which by the way we beg leave to doubt—to liken great things to small, then is it permitted to compare "*Asmodeus at Large*," to the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*;" the former combining with the most brilliant play of fancy, and the most vivid coruscations of wit, a power of criticism unsurpassed by the gravest—an insight into the motives of human action, possessed by few even of the deepest among modern casuists—a system of political economy, the liberality of which must be no less admired by the philanthropist, than its truth must be envied by the statesman, and its utility acknowledged by all sorts and conditions of men. The latter strong in invective, feeble in argument—fluent in words, but sparing of facts—liberal of misrepresentation and falsehood, niggardly of truth, and entirely void of candor or impartiality!—The one marching hand in hand with knowledge and power, the other vainly struggling against the march of reason and of liberty!—The one directing the current of popular opinion, not to injustice and spoliation, but to a sense of those blessings for which our fathers bled—to a perception of the good things which are actually possessed, and to a desire for those which are still denied to the increasing wants and growing intelligence of the multitude;—addressing itself to the understandings, rather than to the passions of men—and ready, no less to curb the excesses of the turbulent, or expose the wavering of the timid, among the partisans of its own, than to reprobate the incontrovertible bigotry of the hostile faction.—The other striving against the stream of time; in the vain hope that its empty clamor may be mistaken for "the inimitable thunder,"—and that men, in the nineteenth century, may be induced to believe a corrupt and venal delegation from aristocracy, more likely to advance the interests of the community, than a true and honest representation of the people—in short to believe, that ignorance is more conducive to the happiness of "the million," than education—that slavery is better than freedom—that the darkness of midnight is more luminous than the noonday sun. The "*Asmodeus at Large*" of Bulwer, performs that office for the intellectual, which "*Le diable boiteux*" of Le Sage does to the corporeal man; and is, therefore, as much superior to his prototype, as the thinking mind is of greater importance than the acting clay. Had Mr. Bulwer been previously unknown as an author, this work alone would have stamped his pre-eminence; and were all other monuments of his genius to sink into that oblivion, which has engulfed so many treasures of old, this alone would suffice to speak—in that universal language which no heart can hear unmoved—to all classes and denominations of the reading world; proclaiming its creator to be gifted with that versatility

of intellect, which, rarely falling to the lot of a single mortal, invariably marks out for its possessor a station among the mighty ones of earth.

One of these mighty ones is Mr. Bulwer; nor is there a country in the civilized world, or a period in the annals of history, to which he would not have imparted lustre,—not merely as a writer, but as an intellect of a superior order.—Old in wisdom, although youthful in years,—he has long ago obtained reputation as a novelist, surpassed in his peculiar line of composition by no dead or living author;—and in these papers—now first brought before the public in a connected form—though sketchy and rambling in their nature, he has not only maintained his former character, but has acquired new credit, by proving himself to be no less a proficient in the theory of government, than an able and willing promoter of all the means which human wisdom has devised, or human benevolence exercised, for the advancement of the happiness, the knowledge, and the virtue of mankind.

The plot—if the book can with propriety be said to possess one—is simple in the extreme. The narrator—as his predecessor, Don Cleofas, had done before—restores to liberty an imprisoned demon—and, by the way, there is no small degree of original wit in the opening scene—on condition of being *chaperoned*, and introduced into all societies, by the infernal captive. By virtue of his incorporeal guide, he acquires the power of locomotion, of passing from the visible to the invisible world, at pleasure, and of a certain insight into the affairs, the actions, and the motives of the whole human race. Beyond this power, we cannot see that he gains much, by his not very reputable acquaintance; for—with deference be it spoken—the devil himself is rather a poor devil; nor are his observations on the doings of men at all comparable, in point of sagacity, with those of his terrestrial companion. The author, in his preliminary notice, gives us to understand, that the whole series has an allegorical signification. “In the narrator is embodied the SATIETY which is of the world; in Asmodeus the principle of vague EXCITEMENT, in which satiety always seeks for relief—a fervid though hasty PASSION succeeds at last; and Asmodeus appears no more, because in love all vague excitement is merged in absorbing and earnest emotion.” This is very good, and very true; but at the same time we have our doubts, whether such was in truth the preconcerted plan, although it is certainly no inappropriate commentary upon the text. Be, however, the spring of action what it may, the event has proved its excellence. We have wit, without flippancy—politics, never degenerating into dullness—morality, never sinking into cant—imagination, free and unfettered, but never overstepping the bound which has been set between sublimity and ridicule—and, to conclude the whole, we have a slight but living sketch of a love adventure, hit off with that truth of outline, delicacy of touch, and correctness of keeping, which show at a glance the hand of the master.

That the popularity of Asmodeus will, in this country, keep pace with its merits, we hardly dare to assert; for so much the larger portion is occupied by allusions to local politics, and politicians—whose names are not only uninteresting but unknown on this side of the Atlantic; and to writers—with whose writings we neither have, nor desire, any acquaintance—that general readers will, perhaps, find less entertainment in these papers, than in a more connected fiction.

Notwithstanding this, we have no hesitation in recommending Asmodeus to all those who are capable of enjoying accurate demonstrations of truth, and shrewd observations on the character and motives of individuals; some of whom are of sufficient note to have been rumored abroad upon the winds of heaven, till their names have become familiar to the ears of our distant community. The language of Asmodeus—as of all Mr. Bulwer's works—is in the purest style of English;—there is the same mixture of sprightliness with deep pathos,—the same apparently unnatural combination of modern *on dits*, with gems selected from the rhapsodies or meditations of every poet or sage, who has unlocked the sympathies, or convinced the understandings of men; and interwoven—we hardly know how—with the adventures of the pair, is a superb moral allegory, entitled the tale of Kosim Kesamim; which we would extract entire if our limits would permit; and which we would analyze, did we not feel certain, that were we to attempt an explanation, we could only render that dull and obscure in abridgment, which, when entire, is fascinating in its manner, and forcible in the truth, which it so admirably illustrates. The moral we will give; certain that few who read thus far, will fail to peruse the passage from which it is derived. The aspirant after unearthly knowledge receives a double gift of supernatural perception: after the first accession of power to his visual organs, he is dazzled by the unknown and unimagined glories of the universe;—after the second, he is horror-stricken by the revelation of its utter loathsomeness and corruption; at this juncture,

“‘Bright Lamps of Heaven,’ I cried, lifting my eyes in anguish from the loathly Charnel of the Universal Earth; and is this, which men call ‘Nature,’ is this the sole Principle of the World?”

“As I spoke, the huge carcass beneath my feet trembled.—And over the face of the Corpse beside me there fell a fear. And lo! the heavens were lit up with a pure and glorious light, and from the midst of them there came forth a Voice, which rolled slowly over the whole face of the charnel earth, as the voice of thunder above the valley of the shepherd. ‘SUCH,’ said the Voice, IS NATURE, IF THOU ACCEPTEST NATURE AS THE FIRST CAUSE—SUCH IS THE UNIVERSE WITHOUT A GOD!”

It is no easy matter to select portions from such a work as this, which shall give a just idea of its merits! Incident there is none;—connected interest,—description,—story,—if we except the episode of Julia, which has been quoted entire by more than one of our daily journals, and which we are inclined to believe will meet with more admirers than any other passage,—there are none! In casting our eyes, for the second or third time, over these entertaining pages, we have stumbled upon a critique, which displays so much sound sense and information, coupled with the most uncompromising justice, that we cannot refrain from exhibiting it to our countrymen; as a proof of the true measure of applause, or censure, bestowed by Englishmen of talent upon the slanderers of America. It is Bulwer's criticism on “Mrs. Trollope's domestic manners of the Americans.” Mrs. Trollope!—whom, by the way, we have raised to a celebrity here by our susceptibility, which she never could have obtained by the merits or demerits of her book; despised, as it is in London, by all persons of understanding, with a contempt no less overwhelming, than has been its lot in the United States. Bulwer has dissected her at some length, and we have extracted—as a specimen of the whole—the *coup de grace* by which he concludes his flagellation—

“Vulgarity of mind, not of manners, is the only vulgarity which a people can charge

against their neighbors. Mrs. Trollope accuses the Americans of this vulgarity but in vain. The very rudeness of their equality belies the charge, (mental vulgarity is always servile to wealth,) and the purity of their political idols proves a certain largeness of mind. No vulgar souls could appreciate Franklin, or adore Washington. The true vulgarity—that is, mental smallness, is in Mrs. Trollope herself. The Americans point to their cities; their senate; their public institutions; their cheap food; their universal education; and Mrs. Trollope says the men sup in one room, and the women in another. They point to the Colossus, and Mrs. Trollope sneers at the ring on its little finger!"

The next passage which we have selected for the gratification of our readers is in a style wholly differing from either of the preceding:—one of those highly ornamented jewels which are constantly shining from the pages of this highly gifted writer.—The subject is a nocturnal ramble through the streets of London! and in our opinion a more exquisite passage is not to be found in the whole circle of English literature. It is one of those descriptions, which no person—even moderately blessed with that perception of the beauties of nature, and that power of drawing forth mental reflections from his own imagination, excited perhaps,—though he knows not how—by some outward impression,

"Striking the electric wherein we are darkly bound"—

can read, without being persuaded that he has himself experienced the self same feelings, and that he should have—nay, frequently has—fallen into the same train of thought, upon the sight of the same or similar objects: yet nothing can be more fallacious than such an opinion, for in truth these meditations—simple as they may appear—are such as can arise upon the fancy, and arrange themselves into a palpable form within the brain of none—but a poet and—we had almost said a philosopher.—The key to our feelings is this—that the especial charm of his description is its truth, and that truth knocks instantly at the heart, and unbinds the hidden sympathies in every mortal bosom.

"'Oh! Asmodeus,' said I, as I walked forth from Greville's arm-and-arm with the Devil, 'what a beautiful night! Who shall say that a great city hath not as much poetry as the solitudes of fields and streams? The silence of these mighty marts of industry and pleasure—the mystery that hangs over every house thus still and impenetrable—a record, and often a romance in each—the muffled shapes stealing across from time to time; and if, wandering from these statelier quarters, you touch near upon the more squalid abodes of men—the stir, the hubbub, the wild mirth of desperate hearts—the dark and dread interest that belongs to crime. Then, anon, in some high chamber, you see a solitary light—waning not, nor blinking, through the gloom. How often have I paused to gaze on such a light, and busy myself with conjecture! Does it shine over the deep delight of study—the open volume and the worn brow—the young ambition of Knowledge—that false friend which nurseth in her bosom disease and early death? Does it wake beside the vigil of some woman heart, beating for the approach of a guilty leman, or waiting in chillness and in dread, the slow and heavy step of one returning from the reeking haunts of the gamester, her wedded mate, perhaps her early love? Is there not more poetry in this than in wastes, pregnant only with the dull animal life? What have the woods and waters equal to the romance of the human heart?'"

Would that our limits would permit us to transcribe the whole tale of Julia;—the fervid though hasty passion of which the author speaks above, as banishing Asmodeus from his pupil's presence, and swallowing up all vague excitement in absorbing and earnest emotion.—Truly it is absorbing! from the first entrance of the narrator at the dusky and half opened door, to the final catastrophe; the reader has not the power to think, to move, to breathe. As a conception it is perfect,—perfect in its keeping with the dark annals of human passion,—perfect in its smallest details,—perfect in the all-powerful grasp with which it enchains every faculty as we peruse

its thrilling pages. The letter—which will be found below—discovered on her person by the repentant wretch, whose cruelty drove her to the fatal deed—with its strange, but natural, combination of feelings, seemingly most discordant,—the mixture of tenderness with resentment—of forgiveness with vengeful fury—of the desire to be loved and regretted, with the fierce determination, that the very agony of his remorse shall fix the recollection of the false one, indelibly and eternally upon the being whom he has destroyed!—is equal in power to any thing ancient or modern, whether of prose or verse, that has ever issued from the mind of one man, to call forth the tear drop from its deepest fount, to drive the thrilling blood in swifter motion through the veins, to search the hearts and dive into the affections of thousands.

“A horrible idea had crossed my mind; unfounded, improbable as it seemed, I felt as if compelled to confirm or remove it. I made the policeman go with me to the watch house;—I pushed away the crowd—I approached the body. Oh, God, that white face—the heavy dripping hair—the swollen form—and all that decent and maiden beauty, with the coarse cover half thrown over it!—and the unsympathizing surgeons standing by! and the unfamiliar faces of the women! What a scene! what a death bed! Julia, Julia! thou art avenged!

“It was she, then, whom I beheld; she—the victim, the self-destroyer. I hurry over the awful record. I am writing my own condemnation—stamping my own curse. They found upon the corpse a letter: drenched as it was, I yet could decipher its characters; it was to me. It ran thus:—

“I believe now that I have been much to blame, for I am writing calmly, with a fixed determination not to live; and I see how much I have thrown away the love you once gave me. Yet I have loved you always,—how dearly I never told you, and never can tell! But when you seemed to think so much of your—what shall I say?—your condescension in marrying, perhaps, loving me, it maddened me to the brain; and, though I would have given worlds to please you, I could not bear to see the difference in your manner, after you came to see me daily, and to think of me as a woman ought to be thought of; and this, I know, made me seem cross, and peevish, and unamiable,—but I could not help it,—and so you ceased to love me; and I felt that, and longed, madly, to release you from a tie you repented. The moment came for me to do so, and—we parted. Then you wrote to me, and my sister made me see in the letter what perhaps, you did not intend; but, indeed, I was only sensible to the thought that I had lost you for ever, and that you scorned me. And then my vanity was roused,—and I knew you still loved me,—and I fancied I could revenge myself upon you by marrying another. But when I came to see, and meet, and smile upon that other,—and to feel the day approach,—and to reflect that *you* had been all in all to me,—and that I about to pass my whole life with one I loathed, after having loved so well and so entirely,—I felt I had reckoned too much on my own strength, and that I could not sustain my courage any longer. Nothing is left to me in life; the anguish I suffer is intolerable; and I have, at length made up my mind to die. But think not I am a poor love-sick girl only. I am more;—I am still a revengeful woman. You have deserted me, and I know myself to blame; but I cannot bear that you should forget and despise me, as you would if I were to marry. I am about to force you to remember me for ever,—to be sorry for me,—to forgive me,—to love me better than you have done yet, even when you loved me most. It is in this that I shall be revenged!”

“And with this wild turmoil of contending feelings—the pride of womanhood wrestling with the softness—forgiveness with revenge—high emotions with erring principles—agony, led on to death by one hope to be remembered and deplored;—with this contest at thy heart didst thou go down thy watery grave!

“What must have passed within thee in those brief and terrible moments when thou stoodest by the dark waters—hesitating—lingering—fearing—yet resolved! And I was near thee in that hour, and knew thee not—at hand, and saved not! Oh! bitter was the revenge—lasting is the remembrance! Henceforth, I ask no more of Human Affections: I stand alone on the Earth!”

In conclusion, we most earnestly recommend “Asmodeus at large” to readers of every denomination; there is scarcely a human being who may not find something to entertain, or to instruct; something to improve his head, or to affect his feelings!—We have the tale of true-love for the young and sentimental,—morality for the serious,—satire for the caustic,—wit for the light-hearted, and pathos for the grave;—we have news of the *beau*

monde for the trifler, and philosophy for the sage ;—we have criticisms for the scholar, and politics for the statesman ;—and we have all these coming with as much vigor from the pen of one young man, as though they had derived their origin from the united labor of many ; possessing also this peculiar advantage, that we fancy ourselves to be engaged in skimming over some light and easy trifle, while we are in truth diving into the abysses of scientific research, or soaring into the boundless eternity of metaphysical discussion.

Bearing no resemblance to any one of his former works as a whole,—to all of them in detached portions,—incapable, from its very plan, of undergoing the test of comparison with any other fiction, *Asmodeus* stands alone ; and can no more be likened to a continuous and connected narrative, than the series of rapid sketches, to the panorama which results from their combination ;—we must not forget, however, that—as in the present instance—many a sketch displays a thousand original and striking points which are lost in the harmonious coloring, or perhaps even polished away from the canvass, in the tamer, although perhaps more perfect, beauties of a finished painting.

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE, how shall I speak of thee ? how tell
 Thy partial or impartial sway o'er men ?
 To-day we bask in pleasure's lap, and then
 To-morrow, to her flow'ry joys, farewell.
 By thy inevitable sway, now sunk below,
 Now lifted to the stars ; with hope in vain
 Through life's illusions oft we toy, in pain
 Or ease, from whom our sweetest pleasures flow.
 'Tis good for man, he neither can descry
 To-morrow's sad reverse nor cheering gain,
 Nor, if to bound with health, or bend with pain—
 It is not given to know of dark futurity :
 By past scenes only can we mortal, strive to know
 Its transient light, and shades, our pleasures and our wo.

How oft the virtuous and the good indeed
 Have deeply drank the bitterness of life,
 And of seducing sin withheld the strife—
 And claimed, in rags of honesty, the meed !
 Yet oftentimes such as have long years endured
 The storms of life, in some unthought of hour
 Have leaped from pinching poverty to pow'r,
 But found not even then their joys secured.
 The mind it is, fair girl, and such hast thou,
 That bids defiance to the rude attacks
 Of stern adversity, whose chain soon cracks
 Before the peaceful smile, and patient brow,
 And heart benign,—may it be mine with one like this
 To live ;—then wo is not,—in poverty is bliss.

H. M.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAUTICAL LIFE.

No. III.

And some far down below the sounding wave—
 Still shall they lie, though tempests o'er them sweep;
 Never may flower be strewn above their grave,
 Never may sister weep!

MRS. HEMANS.

——That disgrace, not only to a free country, but to humanity itself—the impress
 of seamen!
 SPEECH OF SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

THE boat's crew simultaneously uttered a loud shout, but too late; the vessel—for such it was—was upon us, and before the slightest manœuvre could be effected to divert her from her course, she ran us down. Horrible indeed was the sensation upon hearing the crash, and feeling the shock of such a concussion. But we had no time for reflection, for in an instant boat and men were overwhelmed, and the vessel passed over us.—My senses forsook me, and I have no remembrance of any occurrence until I found myself stretched upon the deck, in the steerage of the stranger. I turned my head from side to side in a kind of stupor—all seemed strange to me,—I could not conceive how I came there, for all idea of the late misfortune was for the moment obliterated. A decent looking man was standing near me on one side, and a boy on the other. Seeing me move, the man addressed me kindly,—“well my heart, how are you now?” I could not reply to him, for my thoughts were in confusion; therefore he, with the help of the boy, raised me, so as to make me sit upright. “Come,” said he, “my lad, you’ll do now, I warrant.” “Where am I?” exclaimed I, “and how came I here? This is not the Ilchester—where is—oh, God! where are the rest of the boat’s crew?” A flood of recollection came across me, and all the horrors of our late situation rushed again before me. “Tell me,” said I, “where are Watson, and Hill; and Jones?—how came I here—what ship is this?”—“Handsomely, handsomely, my good lad,” returned the man, “come, you are better now—try this glass of grog, it will do you good, and by-and-bye you shall know all how and about it.—Come, you are all safe now.—Keep quiet a little—there—drink it off, and lie down a while—take a nap, and then you shall have all the particulars.” I tried to procure instant information, but he refused it, and sooth to say, the oppression of sleep came rapidly on me, I therefore lay down again, and once more was in a temporary oblivion.

It is probable that some powerful narcotic had been mingled up in the grog, for I slept long and soundly, and found myself greatly strengthened and refreshed upon waking up. When the man came to me again—who I now found was the doctor—I was in condition to talk to him rationally and connectedly, and therefore begged to be informed of all the circumstances that had befallen my shipmates and myself, and particularly whether they also survived our misfortune.

It seems that the look-out on the forecastle of the “Samuel,” for that was the name of the ship in which I now was, heard our shout, and called aft to the quarter-deck—“a boat under the bows,”—but there was no time to put the helm down, before the man again heard the noise of the striking, and again

sung out, "we've run her down." Coils of rope were immediately thrown over each side, and over the stern—being belayed at the inner end; spars and tubs were thrown overboard, in the hope that some one might drift towards them, for nothing in the world could be seen through the fog.—After some little time had elapsed, hearing no noise or exclamation, they concluded that they had been mistaken, and commenced hauling in their ropes, with half uttered curses against their shipmate, for giving all the trouble upon a false alarm. One of them, however, presently exclaimed, "something hangs upon my line, for it is confounded heavy to haul in." Some one went to his assistance, and after a while dragged up—my unfortunate self. Being near the stern of the boat when she was run down, I had probably gone broad under the ship's bows, and had come to the surface at her *run* abaft. One of the ropes hanging over the quarter had come in contact with me, and in that unconscious tenacity of life, which is intuitive in every living creature, I had grasped it, as I should have done any thing else which might have come in my way.—Of course I was hoisted in, though for some time there was little hope that life remained in me;—of my unfortunate companions, or of the boat, nothing more was ever heard. *They* had come to an untimely fate, whilst *I—the unlucky*, was reserved to be the foot-ball of fortune a little longer, and to buffet and be buffeted in the world of waters as might happen.

When the more serious part, my recovery from drowning, was ascertained, it became necessary to look to some minor points of injury which I had sustained;—a violent contusion on the head and on one shoulder, from the side of the vessel, had befallen me, and the strong and convulsive tension of the muscles in holding-on the rope, had disabled my arm for a time, so that I was obliged to remain below for several days; during which the captain of the *Samuel* had proceeded to the West Ice for a little *sealing*, before his final departure. In this I could take no share, but understood that at this period the sport had more danger and of course more excitement in it, than in the spring. A large species of seals, called by the seamen "bladder-nose," were at this time prevalent, which, instead of skulking off, to find refuge in the deep, were apt to exhibit a warlike front, and not unfrequently succeeded in beating down the adversary, and wounding him severely. The vulnerable part of these animals, as of those formerly described, is the nose, but it was not quite so easy to attain that mortal part, as with the early race; but each animal of the present was of quadruple value, as compared with the former.

At length the welcome sound of "for England" was heard—the fishing lines were all washed in the sea, hung up to dry, and if rain fell, washed again, to prevent *fresh water* from rotting them:—all was coiled away, the boats got in and secured, and all hands began to look out for the Shetland Isles;—the natives thinking of home, "sweet home,"—the seamen, of a *spree*—ever the uppermost thing in a sailor's thoughts, as connected with the shore. It was decided, if the *Ilchester* was ahead, to take me to Berwick, to which port the *Samuel* belonged;—but if she had not yet come up, to leave me at Lerwick, the principal town of Shetland, until she should come in there.—Neither of these plans however took effect.—Dame fortune, as usual, put in her oar, and managed the matter her own way.

One morning, when by our reckoning we expected to be about thirty

miles from the north point of the islands, two boats were hoisted out, and the Shetlanders were sent away in them. This was an usual precaution, to save them from the impress, which was always very severe, in time of war, against these people;—for as they had no legal protection, and were not wanted for the safety of the ship, they were always carried off, without scruple or remorse, to recruit the naval service of his Britannic majesty.

The English were at this period at war with France, and there was every reason to believe that the press was at this time hot; however, the horizon was clear all round, and we hoped the poor fellows would arrive safe to their families, and give us our boats at Lerwick. On the afternoon of the same day, a man at the mast head sung out, "a large sail on the weather bow." "What is she like?" cried the skipper. "She looms like a man of war," replied the voice, "she has top-gallant sails set, and is standing down this way." The crew of the *Samuel* were by this time reduced to the protected hands, that is to say, the boat officers beforementioned, and the apprentices.—I only was an extra hand, and as such, was a certain prize, if the vessel should prove as described, and should board us. Not being on the ship's books, however, was in my favor, and it was concluded to stow me away in "the run," should matters prove hostile to my freedom, until the ship's company were overhauled by the warlike stranger.

The latter continued to near us, and soon showed an immense spread of canvass, such as my unpractised eye had never yet looked upon, and sweeping down across our bows majestically.—Instead of the English ensign, however, she had, suspended at her gaff, the Gallic colors. This altered the state of affairs; I was called from my concealment, in order to be ready like the rest, for a change of scene which we had not anticipated.—A gun was fired ahead of us, which we understood as a signal to us to range under his quarter and heave to. We did so, close under his lee, and could see him manning a boat, at the same time down came the French flag, and up went *St. George*, the white flag of England. "Down, down, P.—down" was the word, "the press, by G—d!—Into your hole, my boy, and snug's the word." I know not why it was—but the revulsion of feeling was so great in my bosom, upon the change of flags in the strange vessel, and the idea of escape from a foreign prison, that I scarcely had a wish to avoid the fate which at present impended.—I had even somewhat of a latent undefined *wish to try* the life of a man of war. The stories however of the treatment in such vessels, as given by merchant seamen, were so dreadful, and the disposition early implanted in man, to

—Rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of,

impelled me to take what was conceived the safer course, and retreat again to my lurking place.

I had not been long there before I heard a scuffling noise along the tier, and above my head in the run;—every now and then a tapping, as if to discover a hollow place, and a slight noise, like the plunging of a cutlass, which indeed it was, into every thing like a crevice.—Still all was snug.—The noise ceased, and I began to breathe freely. In a little while I again heard the shuffling of feet above me, and a voice cried "all right now, mess-mate, come out of your hole." I was on the point of doing so, when the idea struck me, that the voice was strange.—Again a pause.—"Remove

that three fold block and the tackle-fall, out of that coil of hawser, Tom," cried the voice again, "I'm d—d if he be'n't here somewhere, I heard him draw his wind hard just now."—The block and tackle were removed, and a dark opening was exhibited. "Here we have him now, Tom," said the fellow,—“come, my hearty, don't put us to a boarding pike,—shovel yourself out o' that, my lad." It was useless to prolong my stay,—I was evidently discovered, and emerged from my shell, looking silly enough. The men conducted me to their officer, who at sight of me, cast a sharp and exulting glance at the skipper, and then turning towards me, "Ah, a smart lad enough. So you were picked up in a fog, eh?" "Yes, sir." "By G—d, you were pretty near being lost again in a fog."—A laugh, which was begun by the officer himself, and of course was a hearty jest all round.—“Well, never mind the fog, my lad, we'll give you a better service; put your traps into the boat." Alas, I had no *traps*; all I could do, was to take a brief farewell of such of my temporary shipmates as I could see, and step over the side. When I got into the boat, however, I found three more—"unfortunates," I may call them—in the same predicament as myself. This startled me, as I expected they were all safe from such a fate; but it seems they had only what are called *backed protections*, being supernumerary, or more than a vessel of the tonnage of the *Samuel* was allowed to protect, and was in fact, nothing more than the assurance of the owners to interest themselves in procuring the liberation of the bearer, in the event of such a mishap as had now befallen my companions;—and of the absolute fallacy of which, no man in the service was better aware than the impressing officer of this day's exploit.

We were soon on board his majesty's ship *Calliope*, rating sixteen guns but carrying twenty-four. This was indeed a new world to me, and a contrast such as my warmest imagination could not have depicted. From the dirty, greasy decks and interior of a whaler, where we were breathing continually the fœtid odours from the blubber, we were transported to an elegant vessel, with her decks white, and as clean as a drawing-room table, spacious in length and breadth, the slack of every rope aloft hauled in, and the end of every one on deck neatly coiled and carefully deposited in its proper and *invariable* place. The "dogs of war" just showing their teeth at every port hole—the officers, in uniform fashionably cut, walking the quarter-deck, aloof from the throngs of men, as they appeared to me to be,—every thing in order, obedience and regularity being the evident rule. Would that I could say as much of the lower or mess deck. Horrid indeed was the contrast when we stepped below. After the usual formalities of inquiry and examination, being entered on the ship's books, we were turned over to the Purser's steward to be entered in messes, and here, whom should we meet, but the whole of the poor Shetlanders who had left us in the morning! They had rowed away to the southward for upwards of five hours; at every stroke congratulating themselves that they were nearing their homes and families, when behold the masts of the *Calliope* were in view, right in their teeth. To avoid her was impossible; she was coming right down upon them—in fact had seen them, before she was seen by them;—a man of war has always a bright look-out, and concluded them to be what they proved. They were all taken on board, and from them it was learnt that the *Samuel* was to the northward, coming in the same direction.

The Calliope, in fact, was a new vessel, which had been fitted out, and sent forth with forty-two hands lent to her, to *press for herself*; and, in truth, she had neither lost time nor thrown away a chance. Her sailing-master had been an old Greenland master; he was conversant in all the tricks and manœuvres of the trade, and consequently was on all occasions the officer of the boat for boarding. To his dexterity I found myself indebted for this change in my fortunes; for, knowing the casualties to which that dangerous trade is liable, he called for the ship's log, as soon as he had overhauled her papers, and presently discovered that there ought to be a strange hand on board, somewhere. To the merchant-skipper's observation, that I had not been seen all day, and *he supposed* I must have gone in the boats which left in the morning; he grinned, and with a self-satisfied look replied, "your boats, my good friend, are in-board of the ship there, and all the hands are under hatches;—come, come man, give us the lad, it won't do with me, you know." The poor skipper, though taken "in the maner" as the lawyers would call it, yet doggedly persisted that he knew not where I was stowed, or anything about me,—whilst Mr. Kingston, the naval-master, as positively declared "he'd be d——d if he would leave the ship without me."—The issue was as I have described before, which brings me once more on board the Calliope.

This vessel, which, as I said above, sailed with about fifty hands, officers included, had at this time upwards of two hundred and sixty pressed men between her decks. She had successfully waylaid every thing since she entered these seas, and had made most merciless conscriptions. She had not room for them to hang their hammocks, nor had she either hammocks or bedding for one third of her people. There was nothing left for it, therefore, but to stretch ourselves out, stowed in bulk, upon the bare deck, with a hat or cap for a pillow. Such was my case, for some weeks, in common with many others, till our condition was in the last degree filthy and abhorrent. We swarmed with vermin of every description, for most of us had hardly a change of clothes, and the use of fresh water for washing was quite out of the question; for such is the economy of that article *at all times* in the navy, that, even when the ship's company are not put upon allowance, they must take their drink at the scuttle-butt or tank, under the eye of the sentinel; and if they want water for tea or for mixing their flour, the tea or the flour must be exhibited to the officer of the watch, and the articles put together in open view; and any attempt at an over-reach, would subject the offender to condign punishment.

But not only was our place of rest *miserable*, there was besides but very little of it. An unfortunate whaler-seaman, who has been used to have sixteen hours out of the four and twenty at his own disposal, takes it hard to be transferred to a situation where it is "all hands" all day, and where he has alternately about three hours below, one night, and six the next—the six being divided into two parts. Such was the case on board the Calliope, and its effects presently were, that the surgeon's office was no sinecure. Rheumatisms, colds, and even incipient typhus began to appear—as how could they fail to appear—among a dense crowd of men steaming with wet clothes, huddled together on the bare deck, and overrun with dirt and vermin.

And now, for the first time, I became an unwilling witness of a system

of discipline, against which, I need scarcely remind you, I have ever raised my voice. A system which calls aloud for repeal—a system, as useless in itself as it is barbarous—as disgraceful to the national character, as it is degrading to the individual who must endure it;—the system of *flogging*. It is consoling to my heart in this my declining day, to find that this odious, savage, inhuman barbarity has been gradually discontinued to the present time, and that the national feeling and the national sense of *wisdom*, as well as of *humanity*, will, in all probability, eject it from the noble service altogether. I take an almost ferocious pleasure in detailing the particulars of such a scene as a naval punishment,—I wish to hold it up to the reprobation which I think it deserves; and though I do not exaggerate the truth, yet I cannot prevail upon myself to soften the picture. The first punishment I ever saw, made an indelible impression upon me. Such a one, indeed, that though half a century has since gone over my head, and though it was no more severe than I have seen hundreds of times since, it is as vivid in my recollection as though it took place yesterday. I will inflict the relation upon you, although I dare say I have told you of it before.

Captain Martinet, though a brave officer and a “seaman’s friend”—a term well understood in the navy—was a rigid disciplinarian; and, at the time of which I now write, the authority of the boy-midshipman was sustained—not more pertinaciously, but—in a more arbitrary manner than at present. A maintop-man had been ordered by one of these youngsters to perform some trifling, I believe some ridiculous, act on the top-sail yard. The man at first took no notice, but being still teased by the young Jack-in-office, he peremptorily refused to do that which his own notions of seamanship knew to be wrong, or to use his own words “he would not go for to make such a lubber of himself.” The offended dignitary descended from the top, and instantly lodged a complaint to the officer of the watch, that Jim Darling had been *insolent*, had refused to *obey him*, and had called him “lubber.” “Maintop there,” said the officer. “Sir,” replied the captain of the top. “Send Darling down directly.” “Aye, aye, Sir.” Down came the unfortunate culprit, and stood before the lieutenant and the swelling complainant. “So, Mister Darling, you have the insolence to refuse obedience, and be d—d to you, and dare presume to call an officer opprobrious names. D—mme, I’ll teach you to use your tongue properly.” The unlucky top-man attempted an excuse, and urged what he really *did* say; his excuses, however, were so nearly in the words of the midshipman, that they were considered to be only warped from their original meaning, to serve his purpose. The lieutenant descended into the cabin to make his report to the captain, who received it without any further inquiry, and upon the officer’s return to the deck, his first words were, “Pass the word for the master-at arms.” Upon the arrival of that functionary, poor Darling was consigned to his custody, to be put into the “bilboes,” there to remain till his offence should be expiated by the assistance of the boatswain’s mate, at the ship’s gangway.

It was the third day after I was brought on board that this punishment took place. At seven bells of the forenoon watch, answering to half past eleven o’clock, the boatswain piped “all hands.” It is remarkable that there is a peculiarity both in the length of the whistle, and the tone of the voice of the boatswain on these occasions, to which, if there be added the

consciousness of the *cause* which produces it, the effects on the mind are of a very oppressive nature. "All hands" literally must obey the call. Neither officer nor seaman is allowed to be absent from punishment. And what a scene for the eye of a novice! There stood the unhappy culprit. A grating was taken from one of the hatchways and set up at the gangway; the prisoner was stripped of his upper clothing, including his shirt, which last was thrown loosely over his shoulders and back, until the orders for the punishment to commence. His legs and arms were seized with spun-yarn to the grating, placing him like the figure of a St. Andrew's cross, and then began the *preliminary solemnity*. Not that the poor wretch was about to be examined on his alleged offence. On the contrary, that was taken for granted, on the honor of the complainant, and the captain now only expatiated upon the enormity of the offence, which he informed the culprit was sufficient to bring him to the yard-arm if he were tried by a court-martial. The clerk was then ordered to read one of the articles of war, importing that any seaman who should refuse or neglect to obey the orders of his superior officer, or who should use insolence to the said superior officer, being in the execution of his duty, should suffer DEATH, or such other punishment as a general court-martial should award. This being read, the captain cries aloud, "boatswain's mate, give him a dozen." The garment is withdrawn from the man's shoulders by the master-at-arms, who places himself in a prominent situation, to see and count audibly the strokes of the instrument of punishment. The boatswain's mate advances with his "cat'o'nine tails," consisting of nine lengths of stout whipcord, each about three feet in length, and fastened upon a handle of about eighteen or twenty inches long. He draws his fingers through these tails to clear them from being ravelled, seizes the extremity of them in his left hand, whilst his right grasps the handle, turns his body half round to increase the momentum of the stroke, and then discharges it with all his power on the back of the shrinking wretch, whilst the master-at-arms calls aloud, "ONE". Some seconds elapse before another stroke is given—the operator being obliged to clear the tails after each lash;—when it falls the word "TWO" is heard;—the person of the unfortunate culprit quickly becomes lacerated under the repeated applications of this dreadful scourge, and generally he is obliged to shriek with the anguish it occasions. At the end of the "dozen" there is a short pause, until the captain again says, "go on" or "cast him off," as the case may be. The ordinary extent of the punishment for such offences as I have described is three dozen; and if in the performance of this unpleasant task, the boatswain's mate should relax, or be thought to relax, in severity, he is quickly and effectually recalled to his vigor by a stern "do your duty, sir"—or if the feelings of humanity should so far overcome him as to cause a second hint, it is "do your duty, or by G—d I'll have you seized up"—which latter menace seldom failed to strengthen his sinews. In truth it was no empty assertion, as I have more than once seen the threat put in execution. To me the most melancholy part of this detestable spectacle was, that when the captain *was of opinion* that the culprit had received a punishment commensurate with the offence, he merely cried "stop—cast him off." Then turning towards the boatswain "pipe the hands down"—a mode of dismissal as devoid of solemnity

as if the people had been merely hoisting in a boat, or the unfortunate man himself had been a log of wood.

I think I see your logical brain at work now; and seem to hear you ask how the commander of a ship of war could have the effrontery to read, or cause to be read, an article of war, which alludes to the sentence of a court-martial, and yet punish so severely a fellow being, without trial, and without sentence. In your happy country, my dear H., this may justly raise a sentiment of indignation, because your institutions are all founded on the experience of the past, enabling you to reject all that appeared bad, and to adopt or to modify whatever seemed expedient. But the British system, founded in barbarism, and having its root spread over ages past, makes it more difficult to eradicate *evils* there, than to plant *good* here.—The article of war, to which I have alluded, might, if it stood alone, be more than enough for the assurance of the bashaw of a man of war's quarter-deck;—but, it was customary in the English service, to read *the whole* of the articles of war to the seamen on the first Sunday of every month; and *there* was to be found a sweeping clause—an article which, like the rod of Moses, swallowed up all the others. This important clause intimated that, “for all offences not capital, and for which no punishment was here prescribed, the offenders were to be dealt with after the custom of his majesty's ships and vessels of war.”—Thus, therefore, *custom* became *law*, and the will of the powerful became the legal rule of conduct.

This arbitrary law, though not repealed in the British service, is now however very much discontinued, and the general orders of the British Admiralty, which make it *imperative* on the commander of a vessel of war, to state to the board fully, the offence for which any one has been punished—together with the exact nature and extent of the punishment, has been a very effectual check upon cruel or unnecessarily severe conduct.—These reports, I have reason to think, are very narrowly scrutinized; and where punishments are more than usually frequent, or appear to have been inflicted upon occasions apparently slight, the removal of the officer from his command was the immediate consequence.

It is not my purpose to harass your feelings with the continuation of such descriptions as these, but there is one more, peculiar to the service, of which my horror and detestation are so great, that I could not leave the subject without making it thus far public, as I consider it the consummation of barbarism, as well as of cruelty; and though *that* also is now almost discontinued, there is still neither law nor order against the practice.—I mean the punishment of *flogging through the fleet*, than which there can be nothing more repugnant to every feeling of humanity.—Murder I conceive to be venial as compared with it; for it lacerates the victim—robs him of energy and manly feeling—leaving him but his life, with a degraded spirit, a broken strength, a ruined, utterly ruined character, to drag through a few, and but a few years of wretched existence, after having had almost the very bones of his trunk laid bare under the tremendous scourges of the officials, whose *misfortune* it was to inflict them. I will detail this, and then, adieu to the subject.

DIVINITY, LAW, AND PHYSIC.

If not to some peculiar end assign'd,
 Study's the specious trifling of the mind ;
 Or is, at least, a secondary aim,
 A chase for *sport* alone, and not for *game*.

YOUNG.

THE learned professions, as they are with great justice termed, present to the superficial eye, appearances which are fallacious; because the various members, feeling themselves in the class of gentlemen, and aware that they must at all times exhibit those external marks of superiority, which the state of society has rendered necessary for securing respect and confidence, present an exterior so prepossessing, and perform duties so apparently easy to the unreflecting many, that they are thought to be peculiarly fortunate, and the reward of their toils is frequently yielded with grudging and dissatisfaction, as being scarcely earned—and this, because the result of such labors seldom appears in a tangible shape,—bringing its effects to the mind or to the health, rather than to the purse.

A very little reflection, however, will *show* the fallacy of such conclusions, notwithstanding that the wisest and best of men do occasionally give way to them; and it would perhaps be doing some service, both to the members of those learned bodies themselves, and to society in general, to endeavor to raise the veil which hides their *real* labors from the world, and convince ourselves that it is by painful watching, intense study, great expense, patient investigation, and sometimes by appalling circumstances, that such men qualify themselves to be the efficient teachers, advisers, protectors, and benefactors of their fellow creatures. It is true, that the "midnight oil" is consumed by men of these professions throughout the whole of their lives,—but it is to the younger members that we should chiefly turn our eyes in the investigations before us,—the rise and progress of whom it will be curious and not unedifying to follow.

It would be difficult perhaps to point out that profession or occupation in life, which has not its real or imaginary hardships. In whatever path we select as the high road to fame and fortune, the thorns, impediments, and perplexities, which are concealed from the distant view, are made sensible to us as we advance. Mankind are all too apt to suppose, that they who have succeeded in life, and enjoy the rewards and blessings of industry and prosperity, have attained to their eminence by means which can easily be pursued by others, and *by themselves in particular*. The nature of the employment is seldom fairly weighed, nor the consideration of due qualification; but the enjoyment or the advantage it *seems* to afford to the fortunate, is the spur to similar attempts, and the envy of fore-gone success, induces incompetent adventurers upon the same voyage.

The candidates for professional celebrity are, on account of their youth and inexperience, frequently influenced in their choice of a profession from external causes, sometimes arising from the hope of prosperity by *easy means*, sometimes from sheer vanity, but nearly always without having duly pondered on its duties, and on their own qualifications. Advantages

and disadvantages appertain to all occupations, but that they are equally distributed, is a position that will admit of dispute,—at least of pause. It will, therefore, be the purpose of this paper to draw a comparison between the professions of Divinity, Law, and Physic.—Not as regards their respectability,—not as regards their utility;—either of such inquiries would be invidious as well as absurd, in a world where their claims to both these characteristics is, in the highest degree, deservedly established,—but specially relative to their students and junior members; and with a view to point out the comparative labors of each, in preparation for the after exercise of their professions,—and the relative difficulties and disadvantages in the progress to celebrity.

Let the hypothesis be, that the members of all the professions are equal in physical force, in mental energy and acquirements, and in station and respectability; and let these be kept constantly in view.

Divinity claims the first notice.—Without agitating the question of *fact*, it must be assumed, that to the study of Divinity there must be a *vocation*,—a decided bias and attraction;—and with such a motive, every thing subsequent becomes comparatively easy. In the investigation of the holy scriptures, and the researches after its important truths, the student is not compelled, as is the case in so many other pursuits, to undergo the labor of first acquiring a science or art peculiarly applicable to it, before he comprehends its laws and its technicalities;—his *approach* to the ever verdant regions of truth and faith is clear and unimpeded, however mazy the course may be after he has entered them. He has the preconsciousness that they lead to *everlasting life*, and that by looking constantly to that end, he has the assurance that he shall find it. The study of Theology and Divinity is one also which every person of natural abilities and perseverance can comprehend. Every additional inlet of divine knowledge also, gives additional proof of the divine benevolence,—gives additional warmth in the pursuit of that knowledge, which “maketh wise unto salvation,” and tends to capacitate him to communicate to those around him “the bread of life.” He is already reaping his reward.—He reaps daily, constantly, and by anticipation, both in the prospect of his being useful in his generation, and in the gratification afforded to his own soul, as he imbibes higher and more sublime information of “the ways of God to man,” and delights himself with the idea that he himself may be made the humble, but honored instrument of “snatching a brand from the burning.”

Moreover, the study of Divinity, above all others, has the tendency to limit the desires and affections after worldly matters; it breathes into the lief and actions a holier feeling, withdraws the heart from those anxious aspirations after riches, fame, and the honors of a mutable and unstable state of things, sets his “affections on things above,”—afflictions themselves are viewed by him as benefits, or wholesome chastisements;—he feels himself indeed in the condition expressed by the poet—

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its *breast* the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

In the process of qualification for his high and all-important calling, there are points which are no doubt abstruse and mysterious. Points which require care, circumspection, and inquiry, to enable him to adjust and har-

monize apparent discrepancies, and to reconcile circumstances which at first sight may be deemed contradictory. He is of course bound to satisfy himself fully on these points, that he may with the more boldness, as well as clearness, advance the sacred cause in which he has enlisted himself.—But then, be it observed, in these points he is not obliged to be *deeply* versed at his outset in the ministry. If he understand and can expound the broad truths of the religion he professes,—if he can illustrate its precepts by example, and show it forth in his own conduct, the more profound acquaintance with dogmata, and with the acute principles of his faith, will become gradually more and more familiar to his understanding, and he will find himself conversant in them quite as early, as congregations will be found to give him their confidence in such matters.

Suppose him then ordained ;—and now what are the advantages and opportunities of bringing himself to notice, in order to exercise the duties he has taken upon himself?

Opportunities are continually occurring, of performing the service for a sick or absent brother. On such occasions, without giving way to the mere worldly motive of advancing his temporal interest, he remembers, or he has a right, that he is not to “hide his candle under a bushel”:—the same motive which led him to the sacred calling ought to weigh with him to bring himself into notice therein, and his talents, his eloquence, his address, every means by which he hopes to advance the kingdom of his Master, now finds a fair field for exercise, and in a reflecting community those means are not lost to the observation.—There is little to fear then for a young man of talent and zeal in a country where the great motto—truly and generally acted upon is—“a fair field and no favor.”

The clergyman's wishes it has been before said are bounded ; the religion he professes has taught him “to mortify the flesh, with the affections and lusts,” therefore his competency is more easily attained than that of persons whose pursuits are of a more worldly nature ; and hence the cavils of those disappointed persons who have taken up the profession of the ministry merely as means of emolument must fall to the ground, for such deserve the fate that may overtake them in their pursuits.

The *Law* comes next under consideration.—And here we find ourselves brought back to earth again. The law, it is true, is a noble and a liberal profession when viewed in its true light ; but it is devoid of that sublime elevation of soul which is the actuating power in the breast of the Christian minister. It contains nevertheless, within it, motives which attract to the study of it, of a highly important and interesting character. In the legal student we trust we see the future legislator, who shall contribute effectually to advance the security, the welfare, the civilization, and the moral progress of his native land,—for it would be confining our view of the study of law to very narrow bounds to suppose it to consist merely in the attainment of its technicalities and forms, the knowledge of its precedents and existing rules, the application of statutes and customs to the particular cases in the courts. On the contrary, from the consideration of *existing* laws in his own country, he will carry his ideas back to the past and the obsolete,—he will compare the whole with those of other communities,—he will view the great compact called the law of nations,—he will enter into reflections upon the nature of *law itself*, as an abstract subject. Thus he

will strengthen arguments on individual cases, by general principles, and thus, though he may never reach the high privilege of being instrumental to save souls, he may still be greatly useful in his generation as the protector of the property of his fellow-citizens, or as the defender of their rights.

But as his labors are more directly of this world, than are those of the divine, so necessarily must be his rewards ;—to qualify himself to obtain which, there are many subsidiary acquisitions to be attained. He must be not only a careful and methodical reader, but the store-house called the memory must be kept in due order, so that the multifarious lore which is there to be treasured up for use may be grasped without mistake, according to circumstances. There is not in fact *any profession*, from the highest to the lowest, in which the quality of ORDER is more essential than in that of the lawyer and jurisconsult. The quibbles of a brother at the bar,—the difficulties of a half forgotten and “time-worn” statute,—the occasional and casual misdirection of a judge,—the promptness to catch an advantageous point for the client,—or to avail himself of a weak one on the part of the adverse side,—all of which may, even with moral propriety, be made available to the advocate,—render it of the utmost importance that he be clear headed, imperturbable in temper, zealous in action, though cautious in counsel. Constantly guarded in the belief that his antagonist watches not only his words but his very motions, he must be guided by the determination to exhibit an undeviating, unshaken front, for it is *due to his client* to bring him victorious, if possible, from the field—whatever may be his private feelings and impressions.

The legal student having gone through his courses, kept his terms, and made the usual preparations is admitted ; and now what are *his* opportunities of pushing himself forward in his profession ?—Not so great as those of the divine it must be acknowledged ;—for such is the carelessness of mankind with respect to their *great* interest, and their cupidity in regard to every thing of a temporal nature, that they will place the direction of the former into the hands of any one who, by the caprice of fancy, may please them, but the latter they entrust only to such as come recommended by well-tryed skill and judgment. The young lawyer, then, must exhibit deep research, he must understand human nature, he must have an acute eye, an eloquent tongue, he must possess something more than a smattering of arts, sciences, mechanics, and even of technical information ; for as in the course of his career he must expect to come in contact with all, and more than all, of these, he would be found a bad pleader who should be found ignorant of any thing that he was to attack or to defend.—The interests of society require, and justly, that the advocate shall not refuse to act on any case, unless he is previously retained on the other side ; and, as the springs of human action are frequently hidden from the most acute of mankind, who see only from without, he is obliged to furnish arguments, if possible, in favor of the client who failed to adduce them himself ; he must study to make the “worse appear the better reason,” and must strive to bring him triumphantly out of the ordeal, even against his private judgment.—This is a difficult task for a young man ; and how shall he turn the public eye upon himself—how shall he attract the public eye, and turn the public confidence towards himself, in cases where interests, generally so valued, are at

stake?—It is an arduous undertaking, but not a hopeless one. Few engage in the study of the law without *some* connexions to assist in bringing them forward. In a case of a very trivial nature it may happen that a shrewd, a smart, or a new remark, may attract the observation of the court, or of the spectators, and turn attention upon him. Any unequivocal proof of talent, in a profession where talent is considered all in all, is accurately noted and strictly remembered.—Even without a brief, an acute young man may have an opportunity of obtaining distinction. Instances not a few are on record, wherein an obscure gownsmen having caught a new and bright view of a case, has risen as "*amicus curiæ*," propounded an unexpected argument, powerful in the cause of the party which he voluntarily espoused, riveted the admiration and respect of many who had hitherto disregarded him, and filled his hitherto empty bag with briefs.

We have lastly to consider the profession of physic, involving also under that head, anatomy, surgery, pharmacy, and every other branch connected with the preservation or cure of the human frame, from malady or accident. A profession more subjected to the capricious prepossessions or prejudices of mankind, and less understood by far greater part of them, than any other. For as the difficulties in preparation, and the mode of exercising the judgment, lie more out of sight than in other cases, so therefore, wrong impressions are more easily made in the minds of observers, and more serious and unmerited injury is more frequently inflicted upon the professor, and that, too, in the exact proportion of incapacity to judge aright.

The first great difficulty which the medical student has to encounter, is the absolutely unavoidable task of acquiring an almost new tongue, in learning the nomenclature of the different parts and points of the human structure. For instance, of the muscles, of which there are upwards of four hundred,—of the bones and their processes,—of the arteries and veins,—of the brain, the nerves, and their exceedingly intricate communication,—of the ligaments—and of the viscera. Certainly no other profession contains half the variety of terms which are incident to *one* of these divisions; the holy writings have scarcely any beyond the reach of an ordinary capacity, and those of the law are few, derived from the most obvious and ordinary terms of language. This is a difficulty which every young physician has to lament, and which, it is to be feared, can never be either eradicated or materially lessened;—it is one which in the very outset of medical pursuits, is sufficient to appal and affright all but the most determined perseverance, and, no doubt, has often deterred from farther advances, by its unpromising aspect at the commencement. But were this the only difficulty the student had to encounter, it might be surmounted by many who have given up the study in despair;—unfortunately, however forbidding is the outside of the temple of physic, the advances are not more flattering. The terms of anatomy are extremely difficult of comprehension, and still more difficult of retention, from mere perusal. The only way to enforce them upon the memory and the judgment, is to apply them to those parts which they are intended to explain, and which of course can only be done through the medium of dissection—a mode of procedure at all times repugnant to the feelings and stomach of the tyro—but without which, a true knowledge of anatomy and surgery can never be obtained. It can hardly be necessary to call to mind, how arduous is such a task, how disgusting such an employ-

ment, how detrimental it has proved, nay, how fatal, to the constitution of thousands! Yet, with what pertinacity does the student pursue his researches and inquiries, with what perseverance does he plod through these intricacies,—conscious that there are no other means by which he can ever hope to be of service to his fellow creatures in this profession, or to attain to honorable distinction as one of its members. Has divinity such a task as this? Has law?

The practice of physic is another branch of medical studies, quite as intricate as that of anatomy, although it is founded upon a correct knowledge of the latter science. Physiology here becomes an important study to the medical man; without which, the pathology of disease cannot be understood. The diseases “which flesh is heir to” are numerous,—and, as complicated as numerous; for—to take the most common complaint—in *fever* of any extent, almost every function of the human body is more or less affected,—which, of itself, involves many points of intricacy and difficulty, totally *unintelligible* to all but the physician, whose duty it is to watch the slightest variation in any one of those functions,—to account for it satisfactorily, and to scrutinize with his mind’s eye the diseased state of the part affected.

The science of surgery is another branch, included under the head of medicine, and is as intricate as either physic or anatomy. It is founded wholly on the latter, together with pathology and physiology, and of late years has been of the most signal utility to mankind. The endless variety of accidents, diseases, and sores, which fall under the immediate province of surgery, requiring operations of the most dangerous and delicate nature, or treatment involving an ample knowledge of the practice of physic, are most easily enumerated by casting our eyes over the long catalogue of cases by which the human body is affected, the due attention to any one of which is of vital importance to human happiness, if not actually to existence.

In addition to these labors, there are also four branches more, each of which is intricate and highly important; viz. obstetrics, materia medica, chemistry, and botany. All these subjects present a formidable phalanx,—the whole of which must be conquered by the medical student before he can be qualified for *examination*; a trial to a young man, both of skill and nerves, greater, perhaps, than any other in our civil institutions. The nature of the examination is the most severe, most public, and most distressing, that the anxious heart, conscious of its importance, both immediately to himself and ultimately to society, can apprehend. Known, more or less, to several hundreds of young men, his class-fellows, the student is aware that the time of his examination is as well known to them all, as to himself. To get through his ordeal with credit, he labors by night and by day, he visits the sick, the poor, the maimed, the halt, the distressed in every stage of squalid misery,—he wastes his frame and its energies over the skeleton or the subject in the dissecting room,—every species of *disgusting* as well as abstruse branch of his arduous profession must be prompt at his call, and familiar to his understanding, when he takes his place before the learned, experienced, and grave professors, from whom he is to derive the honorable title of M. D., or from whose presence he is to sink in confusion irretrievable. Wo to the unhappy wight whose feelings overpower his judgment,—whose knowledge, perhaps great,—whose talents,

perhaps superior,—become paralyzed by the apprehension of disgrace,—an affection of the mind which too frequently produces the catastrophe it dreads. But let us suppose this fiery trial passed, and successfully. We have now the divine duly admitted to the pulpit, the lawyer to the bar, and the physician to the pulse. Very different have been the steps which led to the several goals of their first desires, and still very different must be their career through life, both as regards tranquillity of mind, and as relates to the degree of confidence reposed in their wisdom and skill.

Let us again view the walk of the *divine*. In every Christian community, the more immediate servants of God are approached and treated with peculiar reverence and respect. This is as it should be. It is not only a just and fitting return for the advices and instructions “which relate to our peace,” impressed upon us through their mouths, the result of their communing with their own thoughts and with the Spirit; but it is indirectly a homage to their and our Great Master, whose glory and honor are to be promoted by every means within the scope of our limited power. Hence, therefore, the minister of religion has that which worldly men covet through vanity, but which he knows how to value, as it produces a spirit of docility favorable to the impress of the doctrines which it is his duty and delight to teach.

The lawyer, in like manner, is dictatorial. The business upon which mankind concern themselves with a member of this profession, is such, that they feel themselves bound to give him their confidence. Men will deceive themselves as to their soul’s health, and flatter themselves with respect to that of the body; but in the affair of their temporal interests, and more especially in the affair of litigation, they will view things as they really are, and instead of hoping the best, will endeavor to avert the worst. The lawyer, therefore, has the confidence of his clients,—his advice is oracular, implicitly followed, and whether successfully or not, it is seldom that reflection falls upon him. On the contrary, if the cause be won, the advocate has the merit; if lost, it was either through the deficiency of witnesses or the inherent badness of the cause.

In both these cases, therefore, though there may be occasional rubs in their path, yet the progress of the divine and that of the lawyer are smooth in the main. The major part of the world take the precepts of the former upon trust, and without much examination, they honor his person, they are assiduous for his comforts,—whilst he, in the study of heavenly lore, and the communication of it to his fellow creatures, happy in the persuasion that he fulfils one of the most important of duties, glides peacefully on to old age, and resigns his breath finally in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection.—We will not say that the ideas of the lawyer are so sublimated as those of the minister of religion.—It is not in the nature of things. Yet he too has matter of agreeable retrospection. In the course of his professional career he may have saved a sinking family from ruin;—he may have rescued the persecuted from the fangs of the powerful, rich, and villainous oppressor;—he may have voluntarily stood forth the champion of the orphan or the widow, and preserved their rights from the spoiler;—he may—as a natural transition—have advanced from the bar to the legislature, and there may have been the able and successful advocate of freedom, the director and adviser for a nation’s weal.—*He* also has been useful to the

community, and the world *has viewed it with applause*.—And let us not pretend to despise this last consideration. The world's *censure* ought never to deter us from a duty, but its applause cannot but be grateful to the heart. Thus then, the honest, conscientious lawyer, the bustling, ever busy advocate, has his consolations in perceiving his name a watchword for liberty, justice, and equity,—his fame spread wide abroad through the land, and his character excellent as his fame is great;—*he* too may resign his breath in peace, in the recollection of a useful and a well-spent life.

But is it so with the physician? His very language is a jargon which only his own profession can understand;—the object of his inquiry is one equally beyond the vision and the comprehension of those who have sought him. Can he even render his purpose intelligible to the very person whom it most deeply concerns—his suffering patient? Nay, can he really ascertain the symptoms of the disease from the suffering and querulous individual, who is apt to reply in the affirmative to the inquiry after every pain and ache, every irregularity of the corporeal functions, to which human nature is obnoxious?—Thus, therefore, the advice of the physician is a mystery, and it is too commonly treated as empiricism. The patient recovers, and it is *nature and a good constitution*,—the patient dies, and it was either the *ignorance or the negligence of the doctor*.—It frequently happens that ignorance tampers with itself until it is too late,—it almost *ever* happens that the family, the nurse, or the patient deviates from his instructions; the niceties and intricacies of reasoning to which he must have recourse are unknown, and would not be understood if they were known;—the issue is unfavorable, but it is still the doctor's fault, the doctor's insufficiency.—Thus he goes on from year to year:—by the time he is old, if labor and mental persecution allow him to become so, he has gradually acquired the esteem of a circle.—It was the saying of an eminent member of the faculty, that “a physician seldom got bread to eat, until he had no longer teeth to exercise upon it.” The remark is as true as it is melancholy;—for, the experience rather than the real information increasing, it is rather the triumph of *age* than of *wisdom* at last, that he has obtained a competent practice; and, unlike the members of the other learned professions, though he may have his inward consolations at the close of life, they are not accompanied with those complacent feelings which have attended the last hours of the former.

It is observable in viewing the calls upon these professions for assistance in the time of need, that the two former have always time to consider and prepare their advice, whilst the latter must act promptly and decisively. Hence, it is necessary that his ideas should be always on the alert. But that very promptness is the bane of the physician's character, for it is too frequently thought to be not the result of judgment at all, but a reply for the moment, undirected by skill, and well if it be *only harmless*. Thus every way is the man of medicine frustrated. Thus every step in his painful and arduous profession is strewn with thorns.—The *broad principle* is acknowledged, that the professors of physic are an eminently useful class of men, and their urbanity, their liberality, and the extent of their general learning is admitted on all sides;—yet apply the case to any individual, and we shall find the picture here painted not one whit overcharged.

Would it not be well then, to consider the obligations which the com-

munity owe to such men, and give encouragement to science, by discountenancing quacks, or tampering with our own constitutions? The preservation of life is what we owe to God, to society, and to ourselves; our duties on earth are never done, so long as life can be preserved to go on with them, and it is neglecting or violating one of the first of them, to trifle with that, without which the others cannot be performed.

It need scarcely be added, that the chief object of these pages, in setting in fair array the difficulties which beset both the preparation and the subsequent lives of the members of the learned professions, has been to exhibit more particularly those of the medical man. He has to suffer so much from prejudice, as well as ignorance, his motives, his judgment, are so liable to misrepresentation; his duties, painful in themselves, meet with such thankless returns, that it may be doing service to society to awaken reflection, so as to produce—what reflection cannot fail to produce—not only more liberal and correct conclusions, as to the dignity and importance of their studies and duties, but also a true picture of the labor, privation, and even danger which they must incur, before they can make those studies available for the general benefit.

M.

Reminiscences of Spain; the Country, its People, History, and Amusements. By Caleb Cushing. Two vols. Boston: Carter, Hendee & Co. and Allen & Ticknor.

THERE are so many causes which combine to render Spain an object of interest in the eyes of all men,—the great moral lesson which may be deduced from her former glory, and present degradation,—degradation so manifest, that it would almost lead us to believe that, to kingdoms as to mortals, there is a regular succession of stages, from youth, to manhood, decrepitude, and death.—The mighty benefits conferred by her, in bygone centuries, upon the cause of civilization,—the gigantic states which are struggling into existence, from beneath her iron yoke of anarchy and ignorance,—all contributing to keep alive an eager anxiety concerning the present condition and future prospects, no less than the past history of fallen Spain,—that we hailed the appearance of Mr. Cushing's book with the most sanguine anticipations.

It is, comparatively speaking, but a short time since Spain was the most powerful of European nations;—since her commerce was prosperous,—her agriculture equal at least, if not superior, to that of any contemporary government,—her arms victorious,—and her flag respected by the fears, if not by the admiration of mankind.—It is, comparatively speaking, but a short time since England was convulsed with no ill-founded apprehension, at the threatened descent of her proud armada, and glowed with heartfelt gratitude to the Disposer of events, when that mighty array was dispersed and overthrown, rather by the breath of the Almighty, speaking in the tempest, than by the humble instruments of mere mortal warfare.—A country which, endowed with a high strain of valor, is wanting in the mind necessary to render that valor available—she has, in later days, presented to us the wonderful spectacle of a peasantry deserted by their natural authorities,

without leaders, without union, almost without arms, defending their fastnesses with unconquered resolution, and waging a war of extermination, a *war to the knife*, against the most renowned army, and the most experienced generals, of modern time.

From the diffuse and somewhat pompous title of the work before us, we imagined that we were at length about to possess a work, valuable, not only from the information which it would contain on all the existing topics of moment, but from its research into ancient chronicles, and perhaps from some new and important discoveries, concerning the antiquities and history of the people it professes to describe.—How great then was our disappointment to find that we had got but a series of tales, gracefully indeed, and entertainingly written, but affording no food to the mind,—that where we looked for a barleycorn we found but a bauble. With an elegant imagination, an educated mind, and an agreeable style, Mr. Cushing could not fail to produce a work which must arrest the attention of many readers;—indeed it has probably been from the very desire of rendering his reminiscences generally popular, that he has cast them into this flashy and *ad captandum* form, instead of embodying them in a shape which, if less attractive at a first acquaintance, would have been far more engaging when well known; and if less pleasing to the many, would have been more useful.

The separate tales are written—as we have stated above—with much spirit, considerable picturesque effect, and in a rich, though perhaps too diffuse, style of composition; the feelings of the man, displayed through the language of the author, are always beneficent and amiable; and the moralizing strain of reflections into which he frequently falls, is generally correct, though distinguished by no particular depth or originality of thought. Not so however, in our estimation, are his descriptions of the character of the inhabitants, or of the agriculture of the districts. We think that he has mistaken a restless energy, and capacity to bear violent exertion during a short time, for sustained and patient industry, in the native; the rapid and spontaneous vegetation of a genial climate, for the results of human labor, and an improved state of cultivation. Mr. Cushing talks loosely of the *huertas* of Orihuela exceeding, in this particular, the most garden-like spots of less favored regions;—and so they do, we doubt not, in beauty;—inasmuch as groves of olive, orchards of peach and almond, “the orange, the lemon, and pomegranate, in gay profusion,” are objects far more pleasing to the eye, and gratifying to the fancy, than manured fallows, crops of *mangel wurtzel*, or brown stubbles;—they do not, however, justify the observation, “that the boasted cultivation of England and the Netherlands, is wasteful and slovenly, compared with these admirable gardens of the Mediterranean coast of Spain.” We have at this moment before us a statistic table, relating to the present state of the Netherlands, by which we discover “the net yearly produce of the agriculture of those provinces to be 400,761,333 francs, or £16,698,390 sterling.” We would fain see a similar result from the fruits of Spanish husbandry. Again, we have documents of undoubted authority, stating—that in some provinces of Spain it has been forbidden by law to enclose the soil, lest the migration of the flocks might be interrupted,—to convert pasture land into tillage,—or to fence kitchen gardens, and grounds appropriated to the culture of vines and seeds;—that the farmers throughout Spain are unable to make the smallest

advances on account of their farming operations, and are obliged to raise whatever funds they require, by mortgaging their crops, frequently ceding the anticipated produce of their lands for less than three-fourths of its value,—that the rotation of crops is utterly unknown,—that the grain is trod and cleaned in the open air, and left in heaps in the field, till sold,—that implements of husbandry are rude in the extreme,—that farm houses are rarely seen, except along the east coast,—and lastly, that land is not supposed to yield the proprietors more than from 1½ to 2 per cent. !—and this, forsooth, is the land, whose agriculture is to put the boasted cultivation of England, and the Netherlands, to the blush. We fear that Mr. Cushing is of a temperament too poetical to make an accurate observer; we think we can see traces, throughout his book, of an excitable imagination constantly prevailing over his better judgment !—To what else can we attribute his defence of the absurd fictions concerning the chivalry of Charlemagne, and his condemnation of that system of analysis, by which alone the light of truth can be elicited from the darkness of fable? Concerning the monuments, he gives but little information; none which is not already familiar to most persons at all interested in such topics. On the state of society, and on the unprecedented excess of crime, he states absolutely nothing !—Although we can hardly conceive the possibility of an amiable and enlightened traveller, visiting a land, wherein no less than 1233 persons were convicted of murder in the course of the year 1826, without blessing his stars that he was not born in

“That purple land, where law secures not life.”

If in the foregoing observations we have been somewhat severe, it has been from no ill-feeling, either towards the author, or his work. On the contrary, the book is, on the whole, well written; and the writer, evidently a man of talents and education, capable of far better things than the present “*Reminiscences*.” We have endeavored to correct some mis-statements, arising from carelessness, rather than from malice prepense; and we now take leave of Mr. Cushing, with an earnest hope that his next literary production may be of a nature, more calculated to procure for his acquirements the reputation they deserve.

SONNET,—ON A SHIP ON FIRE AT SEA.

YE that on pleasure's flowery lap repose,
 Think of the hapless seaman in whose shroud
 The roaring flames, at night when winds are loud
 Gleam on the blood-red waves that yawning, close
 On many a beauteous head and heart benign:
 Think what sad looks, and thoughts, and screams are there,
 Of those that rave for some remembered fair,
 Or with wild grasp their struggling friends entwine
 Distracted, or with faint arm beat the tide!
 While one pale wretch forlorn, with aspect blank,
 With dripping hair, and eyes by terror dried,
 Sits silent on the sole remaining plank—
 We take no thought the while, but flaunt and toy
 With hope, as if the world were mad

M.

POPULAR ESTIMATION.

AN ALLEGORY.

Mons fuit apparent frutices in vertice rari.

OVID.

While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
 What though my soul fantastic measures trod
 O'er fairy fields,—or mourn'd along the gloom
 Of pathless woods——? * * * * *
 For human weal, heaven husbands all events,
 Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

YOUNG.

MR. EDITOR—To be plain and frank with you—I seek popularity—I have long sought it—I have not obtained it—and it would seem, I know not how to find it. Now, sir, I have a reasonably good opinion of myself; which, by the way, is a feeling highly necessary in a world so selfish as I find this to be; but which, as I may fairly be considered to know more of the matter than strangers are likely to know, is a *prima facie* proof of some merit;—and, therefore, as all my attempts hitherto to obtain the envied height of *popular estimation* have failed, it is evident that there is a want of taste and discernment *somewhere*. I appeal to you, therefore, and to the world through you, upon the crying sin of allowing modest merit to remain in neglected obscurity, whilst pretensions founded merely on the gifts of fortune, or at any rate on externals only, are sufficient to carry so many to the very pinnacle of distinction and popular fame.

On this subject I am apt to muse;—my cogitations being of a mixed nature,—partly with a view to stir up in mankind a sense of this enormous injustice, partly to devise means of setting my own light on high, for the general edification, and—as the laborer is worthy of his hire—for my own emolument and glory. In these my meditations I am subject to lose sight of the ordinary affairs of life, and to wander where ordinary feet tread not. One of these, my exertations, brought to light the discovery that I had not the *necessary qualifications* for becoming “the admired of all observers,” the *lion* of the hour,—that *notoriety* is beyond my reach, and I am mortified with the dread of never being a popular man.—If you will bear with me, I will relate it;—through the medium of your Magazine, I may be able to warn others of the difficulties that arise in

“Seeking the bubble, reputation.”

One day, in my “whereabouts,” I arrived at a beautiful stream which flowed through a most romantic forest, and with almost unconscious pleasure I followed its course, which meandered deviously through sunshine and shade. Sometimes an opening displayed the rich verdure of the meadow, enamelled with thousands of flowers, sometimes an abrupt and precipitous rock was suddenly brought into the landscape. Now the water flowed in a smooth, silent, and deep stream between the grassy banks, or beneath the overspreading oaks, and now it dashed impetuously over rocks, forming a magnificent cascade, the noise of which, with the songs of numerous birds, were soothing and delightful to the ear; the prospects were cool and refreshing to the eye, every sense was charmed, and beauty and happiness seemed to dwell in such a region. It was, at least in my eyes, the region of FANCY,

where the mind had elbow-room, and speculation could indulge itself at large.

I continued to follow the stream, as if fascinated,—yet inwardly wondering that so fair a prospect, so lovely a retreat, should be without inhabitants. My wonder gradually became vexation, that no other intellectual being seemed inclined to participate with me so beautiful a scene, and at length I became half inclined to doubt that secret evils might inhabit the district, which I might possibly discover too late.—I slackened my pace and began to ponder on the propriety of retracing my steps, when an abrupt turn of the river brought to my view a lofty hill, on the top of which was a large and elegant temple, round which were grounds beautifully adorned, and provided with every species of horticultural luxury. Moving about these grounds I perceived many people of both sexes, dressed in the costumes of all the different nations of the world.

Struck with this novel sight, and being desirous of considering it more circumstantially, I ceased to follow the windings of the stream of *Fancy*, and directed my steps towards the top of the hill.—Ere I commenced the ascent, however, I paused to contemplate this new scene, and soon became sensible that whatever my late regrets might have been on account of the solitude of the *forest walk*, there was no occasion for such regrets *now*; for round the base of the hill there were thousands of persons, all gazing with admiration on the favored beings who wandered about in the Elysian grounds above them. Occasionally some were inspired with the desire to attain the enviable eminence before them, and to that end applied themselves in various directions to ascend, but very few succeeded.—One thing however surprised me, namely, that of those who had been successful in reaching the top, the greater number seemed disappointed at the result; and walked about alone, or with such companions as they knew, with an air of listlessness and apathy, as if the reward had proved inadequate to the labor; sometimes looking up, as wishing for farther incitement to proceed, and again turning their eyes downwards, as if in envy of those who had been spared the useless pains, which they themselves had expended. Some there were certainly, who seemed really elated with their situation, as if they had obtained a moral as well as physical ascendancy, and gave themselves all imaginable airs, as they perceived that they were the gaze of the multitude below;—and a few might be distinguished from the rest, who maintained a dignified complacency, as if conscious that they had deserved the gratifications which the place afforded, and the approving admiration of the gazers, by their past conduct, and by their mode of achieving the way to the envied elevation.—The scene before me reminded me strongly of my master passion for POPULAR ESTIMATION, and I could not help hastening forward to make one of the distinguished group.

I presently found, however, that in this, as in all my previous attempts, I was beset with difficulties which my first eagerness had caused me to overlook;—on the one hand projecting and impassable rocks, and on the other dry crumbling earth, that gave way with me at every step, marked my progress. “How is this?” said I, “I see in those beautiful abodes, acquaintances of my own, neither more agile, more robust, nor more skilful than I am, when *they* can succeed *I* need not despair. The hill seems accessible to all, for I see there many of the fair sex.—Courage,” said I to my-

self, "if popularity is the aim, let us at least pay the legal price of it."—I concluded therefore that there must be some road or path to the top of the hill, and if so, my determination was to find it out, and instead of *looking up* to the envied objects above me, to become one of those envied objects myself.

Upon walking round the base of the mountain I came at length to a gate, at which was seated a middle aged man, of a scrutinizing and fastidious expression of countenance. This man I immediately accosted, and asked him the road to the top of the hill. "There are many," replied he, "but none better than the way through this gate." "You rejoice me," replied I, "be pleased to let me in then immediately."—He bowed with much ceremony, and asked me for my *letter*. "Letter!" exclaimed I, "what letter can be required to enable me to go through a gate?" "Sir," said the man very calmly, "you can hardly expect to go in the *direct road* to the temple of popular applause without a *letter of introduction*." "I have not one however," said I,— "Then, sir, you cannot ascend by this road; there are others further on, which you are at liberty to try." I turned indignantly away,—and, to confess the truth, was a little mortified, that one of *my* appearance could not be his own introduction into the path of popular favor.

I pursued my way towards the next gate, being determined not to be foiled; my pride was roused, my vanity had been wounded, and I had no notion of being excluded from an elevation to which my inferiors, as I deemed them, had reached. I soon perceived before me a man with whose person I was familiar, but with whom I scorned to be on terms of intimacy; and sooth to say, I believe such were his sentiments also towards me. He was rich as Croesus, but with an understanding not superior to that of an ape; but he was vain and confident, and that which he could not effect by his head, he could manage by the aid of his purse. He was stepping on with a brisk pace towards the gate which was before us both; he reached it, unlocked it, entered in, and I lost sight of him. "Ah! heaven be praised," said I, "here is an end of the difficulty."—I stopped a moment or two, to brush the dust from my feet, adjust my cravat, and wipe the perspiration from my brows, and then advanced *plena fide*;—but great was my surprise to find the gate resisted all my efforts to open it. I looked up, and found an inscription.—"The Gate of the Golden Key."—Alas! no golden key had I,—what should I do?—Pride would not allow me to call after the person who had passed in—nor if I had would he have replied. My anger increased, and with it, my determination.—I tried, however, to console myself with the idea that I ought to scorn the notion of following in his footsteps.—"Go, go," said I, *magnanimously*, "Heaven forbid that you and I should travel to yonder temple by the same route.—"Besides," added I, in *sotto voce*,—"the grapes are sour."

Onwards I plodded, still seeking an entrance, when I happened to fall in with a quiet unpretending acquaintance, who informed me he was going up the hill. "Indeed," said I, "you are fortunate; for my part, I cannot find a way that leads to it,—I had no idea that you would ever think of such a thing." "No more I did," replied he, "but a friend offered to give me a *letter of introduction*, on account of my *father's celebrity*." "Ah!" said I to myself, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have *greatness thrust upon them*.—I congratulate you," said I aloud, "*my father's celebrity*

I fear would not avail me ;—honest man—he was an excellent judge of broad cloth notwithstanding.” We parted, and I proceeded forward till I came to another gate.

Here I found some difference of appearance from those which I had already passed. There was an air of respect and obsequiousness in the style of the attendance. Two servants in black liveries stood behind the gate, and, as I approached, they opened it wide enough for a carriage and four to pass through. “Ah,” said I, “this is the right gate after all. What on earth have I been running after all this time ?—These men have discernment,—they can read desert in the countenance.” I stepped up with an air of easy superiority, the servants bowing meanwhile, and one accosted me with “My Lord—Lord”—“No, no,” replied the other, “his Grace, the Duke of”—“Gentlemen,” replied I, “you mistake, I am Mr.”—“Mr.” replied both together, with startling emphasis—“next gate !—Mr. indeed !”—and they turned upon their heels, tucked their hands under their coat tails, and walked backwards and forwards with inimitable nonchalance, not forgetting to shut the gate with a degree of violence proportionate to their former civility. I might have saved myself this last mortification, if I had looked up at my approach, instead of my retreat, for over the entrance I saw in letters of gold,—“Nobility Gate,” inscribed on a shield, its point resting on a scroll bearing this motto,—“*Quo sanguine cætus*,” literally,—“From what blood are you descended ?”

I confess I did not take this last repulse much to heart ; for, as I was never very desirous of thrusting myself officiously into places where I did not think myself justly entitled to go, I had only to regret my want of forethought, in neglecting to read the inscription as I advanced.

I now walked leisurely forward to the next gate, which I found in a very dilapidated condition, and the path within it stony, rugged, and steep. It appeared as if it were seldom traversed except just within the entrance. I looked up. It was labelled “Poet’s gate.” I viewed the path with reverence, but my vocation did not lie that way. I therefore passed it, and sought another, more congenial to my notions.

By this time my strength and spirits began to flag. At each gate to which I successively came, I found some inscription which denoted that it was not for me. For, Mr. Editor, you shall understand, that I am really a modest man, and know my own deficiencies. In vain I looked for such words as, unimpeachable character—sound education—merit—worth—virtue. I passed entrance after entrance, and found such as the following :—beauty—accomplishments—*great expectations*. Weary, at length, with the useless attempt to reach the temple by *the beaten path*, I determined to *strike one out for myself*, and despite of obstacles, to reach the top by my own exertions. I scrambled, therefore, over the fence, and carefully plodded onwards, patiently removing every impediment, and pressing steadily towards the temple, which was ever in view, until I reached the boundary fence of the gardens. Here I paused to take breath, and to survey what was going on within ;—but first I observed, that although I had now got so near the seats of popular applause, there was still a broad gap between me and the gardens. This gap, or fosse, surrounded the whole of the grounds, and was considered impassable, except at certain places where there were bridges across, guarded by officers of both sexes under various

titles, but generally implying critics or censors, if men—or *chaperons*, if women; without whose acquiescence and assistance, admission could not be obtained; and who, true to the usages of time immemorial, were sure to refuse it to all but those who should approach by the direct road. I then looked below at the multitude, and pleased myself with the idea that I was exalted so far above their level, even though they knew it not. Still, however, I was not within the desired precincts. I disdained to go back after winning my way so far,—I saw that the officers had firm possession of the regular passes, and was neither willing nor indeed able to bribe them to admit me. Once or twice I resolved to attack them on their own ground, and “force per force” to gain my admission. But when I looked upon the vantage ground they had obtained, and considered that in all probability they would make common cause of it, and with united strength might hurl me back, perhaps, to the very verge of the ascent—arrested my warlike thoughts. The ditch itself—aye—it was broad, and deep; but, as I viewed it more narrowly, the difficulty seemed less and less, to vault clear over it. To fail, was utter destruction; but to succeed, was to enter upon a state for which my soul now longed with tenfold eagerness. Again, and again, I surveyed the frightful abyss,—half resolved—yet fearful—and saying to myself in words somewhat like those of Sir Walter Raleigh,

“Fain would I leap, yet fear I to fall,”

when suddenly my eye fell upon one within,—the gaze, the admiration of all the rest—one that had long been the idolized of my own bosom. If beauty, if accomplishments, could win a passage to these envied mansions—surely none, like she, could have found an easy passage. She was listening, with pleased but placid countenance, to the various compliments with which the lively or the witty were honoring themselves by repeating to her—and as she moved along,

“Grace was in all her steps—heaven in her eye—
In every gesture, dignity and love.”

As she roved about, careless of the ceaseless hum of admiration with which her ears were assailed, at length she got sight of me. What were my raptures upon perceiving the brightened expression of her countenance,—the speaking approbation of her eye, as she saw me so near to the temple of popular applause. I could see her lips move—she beckons—she speaks—she invites me—she seems to mock the apparent width of the gap;—again I hear her voice—sweeter than the music of the spheres—away, away, there are no longer difficulties! I sprung like lightning over the fosse, and upon alighting on the opposite side, I fell, stunned, to the ground.

Upon opening my eyes, I beheld—my servant, who was calling loudly upon me—he had already called *twice*. He presented to me a paper, saying “Mr. Snipps, sir, the tailor, would feel greatly obliged by your settling this account. The bill’s receipted, sir.”

I had been in a dream all this while, Mr. Editor;—I now send you the relation of it. If this will do any thing towards procuring me the distinction I covet—well. If not, all I can say is that—it will add one to the numerous list of failures, but will not alter the opinion which modest assurance gives me of my own merits, nor prevent the continuance of the hope that, in this world of progression, the time shall arise when a generation shall weep for the neglect of an enlightened and praiseworthy candidate for

POPULAR APPLAUSE.

THE EXILE.

CHAP. V.

Ah! you never yet
 Were far away from Venice, never saw
 Her beautiful towers in the receding distance,
 While every furrow of the vessel's track
 Seemed ploughing deep into your heart; you never
 Saw day go down upon your native spires
 So calmly with its gold and crimson glory,
 And after dreaming a perturbed vision
 Of them and theirs, awoke and found them not.

THE TWO FOSCARI.

THERE is not perhaps one, among all the properties peculiar to the human mind, which presents itself more constantly to the philosophic observer, than the tendency of all our race to undervalue the blessings which they actually possess; while they are ever aspiring after some remote vision of happiness,—after some future period, which is to crown all their labors with success,—to steep all their sorrows in forgetfulness,—to repay all their sufferings by the accomplishment of every half-imagined wish; a period which is to be

* * * the first
 "Of days no more deplored or curst,
 "But bright, and long, and beckoning years,
 "Seen dazzling through the mist of tears."

Never satisfied with the pleasures which we are enjoying day by day,—scarcely even aware that the free air which braces our nerves, and ministers to the gratification of all our senses,—the light which gladdens our eyes,—the health which bounds in our limbs,—much more the rare advantages of fortune, talents, fame,—the sympathies of faithful friendship,—the mutual affections of those whom we adore,—are favors vouchsafed to us by the especial beneficence of an all-bounteous Providence,—favors which would be hailed with rapture and pious gratitude by thousands of our fellow men.

In order to measure, and fully appreciate the extent and value of any treasure, that treasure must have been removed from us,—removed forever—and then in the loneliness of our bereavement shall we confess that we were blessed, and knew it not,—that we were endowed with happiness beyond the attainment of our brethren, and yet felt no thankfulness in our hearts towards the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

There is assuredly no feeling more natural to every living and thinking being, than the love of his native land; prevailing with a sway no less powerful amidst the thirsty deserts of the torrid, and endless winter of the frigid zones, than among the genial climes and fertile plains of more temperate regions.—Yet even this all-engrossing love can never be felt in its true character, unless through the medium of absence;—nor do we ever fully know the deep hold, which is exercised upon our affections by the green hills of our childhood,—the quiet woods and waters, by which we have wandered,—the altar at which we have lisped our earliest prayers,—the home of our first and dearest friends, —till we have seen the very shores

of that loved land, sinking into the haze of the horizon, separated from our impotent yearnings by the wide and trackless surface of the ocean.

Even when the term of our absence is to be but brief,—the object of our departure but the search of pleasure,—our actions, our motions subject to no control but our own will,—still there must ever arise a sad, and sickening feeling in our souls,—a sensation as though we were severed from the companion of our choice, or the wife of our bosom—as we gradually lose sight of that country, which must ever—though we see it no more—be to our memories a spot hallowed by the influence of early habits, endeared by the tenderest fancies, second in our affections to her only who rejoiced in our young pleasures, and soothed the imaginary sorrows of our wayward infancy.—What then must be the pangs of him who gazes on the crowded wharves, the forests of shipping, the tall spires receding behind him,—who—after these are swallowed up in the obscurity of distance—still watches the familiar mountains and indistinct features of the coast, as friends whom he has known and venerated from the hour of his birth, and whose dear countenances he shall behold no more : Who—in addition to all these afflictions—sorrows over fortunes, blighted by some unforeseen reverse,—reputation, blasted by unmerited reproach,—companions, long trusted and now—when for the first time tried—found wanting ;—and who, when he turns his weary senses from the contemplation of the gloomy present, can find no glimpse, however remote, of future prosperity ; no prospect, save that of a toilsome life, uncheered by the social endearments of a family,—a homeless death-bed, unrelieved by the care of one faithful follower,—and a foreign grave, far removed from the scenes of his recollections, and the bones of his forefathers.

Such thoughts as these might perhaps have been working in the mind of Harlande, as he stood on the vessel's taffrail, silently watching her progress from all that he held dear.—The decks were thronged with passengers, some sorrowful indeed at the last farewell, but all high in hope, and cheerful in the anticipation of a favorable voyage ; the English adventurer, about to seek his fortunes in the wide field of the new world, had embraced his weeping relatives, had waved his mute farewell to their repeated signals, and had now resigned his fancy to some airy vision of rapidly acquired wealth, and a speedy return to his native village. The American, bound homewards from his visit to another hemisphere, had tendered his grateful *adieux* to some newly acquired, but already valued, friend, and was now looking forward to the wished meeting with his unforgotten kinsmen. All else had been conducted on board the stately vessel, by some being who felt an interest in their movements, who was linked to them either by the ties of mutual interest, or the rarer bonds of familiarity and affection ;—all else had parted from some one to whom they might communicate their wishes, their joys, or their afflictions ;—while he, who most needed consolation,—banished for ever from home, and shut out from hope—he, whose heart—crushed and wounded as it was by the discovery of man's ingratitude—would still have bounded at the slightest demonstration of kindness, even from a stranger—he, who while he scorned the selfishness yearned for the love of his kind,—was suffered to depart upon his pilgrimage of woe, without one hand outstretched to meet his parting grasp, or one tongue to cry—"God speed you."

Dark, however, as were the meditations of his spirit, they had no visible effect on his outward demeanor; his countenance was, indeed, somewhat paler than common—there was a slight quivering about the muscles of his mouth, and a feverish irregularity in the step with which he paced the quarter-deck, widely different from the light, and even agility of his usual motion; still there was nothing which could have indicated to a superficial observer, or general acquaintance, that the mind of one, so thoroughly alive to all the *bienséances* of society, was racked by the wildest convulsions of anguish. Once, indeed, a gleam of wretchedness, so palpably distinct, shot across his speaking lineaments, that a bystander inquired whether he were not ill!—The captain, who had been making some trivial observations on the state of the weather, had turned from him, calling at the same time to the mate—"pass the word forward to the men there, Mr. Wilde, to give three cheers"—and in an instant the short "aye, aye, sir!" of the officer, was succeeded by the inspiring clamor. It was that sound—the cheering cry of England, whether lending animation to the feast, or terror to the fray,—which now sunk upon his heart with a cold and chilling weight, conjuring up a momentary train of thoughts, so bitter, that the boasted stoicism of the youth was vainly taxed to preserve the self-imposed restraint of his grave aspect. A thousand times had his own voice mingled in that exulting shout;—a thousand times had he heard it pealing, in sportive emulation, from the banks of the silver Thames;—in the fierce hurrahs of an angry mob, at the presence of some hated oppressor; or in the loyal thunders of the same multitude, when rejoicing at the presence of a popular monarch;—but never had he heard it from any lips, save those of his countrymen. Now he stood beneath the folds of a flag, unsullied indeed, and respected; but that flag was not the ensign of his native England! Now he heard the repeated cheer, and that cheer was the offspring of joy!—joy, that they were flying from the land, to which his very heart-strings were attached; and this unfeeling—as it seemed to his excited imagination—this unfeeling demonstration of pleasure, was the blow which rent those strings asunder. Mastering himself in a moment's space, he replied courteously to the inquiries of the stranger, and returned to his station on the raised stern; nor did he move from thence, so long as his eyes could discern a light along the shore, or distinguish the outlines of the rock-bound coast, from the starless gloom of a November's sky. No attention was excited by his absence from table, as all attributed it to illness; but in truth, although he had scarcely ever felt before the heavings of the ocean, the sickness of his heart was sufficient to overpower the attack of that painful malady, which is so often seen to prostrate the strongest frames, on their first acquaintance with the wonders of the great deep. The breeze increased to a gale; the puny waves swelled into long and threatening ridges; the ship, which was nearly before the wind, rolled heavily in the trough of the sea; nor was there a single landsman on board who was not confined for days to his berth. Not so, Harlande: unused as he was to a nautical life, his disposition was of that kind which, in appearance at least, readily adapts itself to circumstances, and, before the second sun had set, he was as much at ease on deck,—as far as relates to mere external appliances,—as though he had been, from his youth upward, accustomed to the caprices of the stormy ocean. Courteous to all, yet familiar with

none,—answering all queries with imperturbable serenity, yet rarely of his own accord mingling in conversation,—he passed his heavy hours in communing with his own soul, or in writing those accounts, of minute circumstances and individual sensations,—which true friends must ever value far beyond the mere news of the day,—to the few congenial souls whom he still believed faithful to his cause, and worthy of his regard. Day succeeded day in unvarying monotony ; and with time, that species of intimacy, which so often arises from a community of pursuits and unrestricted intercourse, grew up between Harlande and some of the better informed, among his fellow passengers ;—an intimacy founded on no similarity of mind, or interchange of sympathy ; having neither mutual esteem, nor even mutual interest, for its basis ; originating from circumstances of the moment, from eating at the same board, and drinking of the same cup ;—an intimacy born, as it were, to-day—and about to die away and be forgotten, as soon as the pressure of the events, which had called it into existence, should cease to operate on spirits connected by no ties more potent than the fantasy of the present time. Still this intimacy, such as it was, served, in some degree, to fill up that aching void of the heart, which is the inevitable result of utter loneliness ; it sufficed to operate against the increase of those dark and gloomy meditations, which so frequently take possession of the young soul, when it has suddenly found itself most bankrupt there, where it had the most laid up its treasures ;—and which, if unchecked in its earliest progress, is so apt to degenerate into settled melancholy, and thence to pursue its noisome course through the successive stages of spleen and moroseness, till it becomes stationary, at length, in the guise of confirmed misanthropy.

During the two first weeks of their voyage, the times were prosperous to a degree far from usual at that period of the year ; the wind came steadily from the southeast, enabling the ship to lie her course, with royals and studding sails set ; the atmosphere was for the most part clear, and the surface of the ocean moderately smooth ; all now seemed to announce the termination of their wanderings before many more days should have elapsed ; when suddenly the gale increased to an absolute hurricane, the sea rose in long and rugged swells, and the horizon was covered with an impervious veil of dense vapor, below which the rack was seen scudding with fearful rapidity before the tempest. Still, however, the good ship held on to her destined course, though of all the wide folds of canvas which had so lately wooed the air, nothing was now exposed to the angry elements but her topsails, reduced to the closest reef.—Strange are the caprices of the human mind, and in many respects unaccountable, even to the nearest scrutiny ; at this time of gloom, if not indeed of actual danger, in proportion as the spirits of all fell under the prospect of a prolonged sojourn on the face of the deep, and some began to sink beneath the gloomiest forebodings, did the elasticity of Harlande's soul rise higher under the excitement of the storm, and his heart beat with livelier motion, than during the preceding term of mild and favorable breezes.—*Then* he had sat brooding hour after hour over his past calamities, and his coming hardships, in the solitude of his own state room ; *now* he walked the deck with a firm stride, unshaken by the plunges of the vessel, and undismayed by the sweeping blasts, which made even the experienced seaman who commanded, tremble for the safety of his spars. “ This can't last, Mr. Harlande,” he said, after a long and

wistful gaze into the very eye of the wind, as they were standing together on the weather quarter,—“This can’t last, we shall have it here blowing great guns from the northwest before noon.”—“And then?” asked Harlande;—“Then we must lay to, and d—d lucky if we are not forced to scud.” No more words passed; the captain went forward to give some directions to his crew, and Harlande returned to watch, with a painter’s eye, the grand though fearful sights which surrounded him on every side.—In less than an hour the predictions of the master were verified; the wind chopped round as suddenly as it had arisen, and for the first time since they left the channel, the position of her yards was altered, and the head was brought to the wind. Truly it was a magnificent spectacle—the sea running as high as the heads of her lower masts,—the heavy yards almost dipping into the surge,—the vast irregular vallies, as they might be termed, between the succeeding billows, which rolled onwards, not crested with foam, but black and unbroken; for such was the force of the tempest, that scarcely had the spray appeared on the cap, before it was driven away in mist before the blast, till the whole surface of the ocean presented the aspect of an huge cauldron, boiling and steaming by the agency of subterraneous fire. On the third night from the commencement of the gale, the wind fell, without previous abatement, and ere long there was not a breath to steady the pitchings of the ship in the heavy swell which succeeded the storm; but with the fourth sun, the wind came again from the old quarter, gradually hauling however to the eastward, till before night the ship was going dead before it, at the rate of some six or seven knots; having to contend with a strong cross sea which had got up, under the counteracting agency of the breeze from the east on the swell yet remaining from the northwester of the previous day. The sun set into a bank of thick and heavy clouds, and the weather again looked gloomily. When Harlande came on deck, as was his custom before retiring for the night, he found the watch huddled together under the shelter of the round house,—a lookout on the bows of the vessel,—and many large lanterns in the rigging, scarcely twinkling through the dense fog which enveloped them in utter obscurity.—“A fearful night this, sir,” said the captain, “I would rather be in the heaviest squall that was ever brewed in the west, than in such a haze as this!—How does she head now?”—in a louder voice to the man at the wheel,—he was answered in the short tones of the veteran mate, that her head was west,—and taking two short turns in silence, he again turned to the young man:—“It was just such a night as this, sir, some ten years back; I was first mate then of the barque Betsey, from New-York to Belfast,—just such a night as this! we were going some seven or eight knots through the water, exactly as we may be now, in a fog on the banks here, when we ran down a little bit of a fishing schooner;—we took her right amidships, and passed clear over her;—merciful God! I can hear the yell of the wretches that perished in that craft as clearly as if it were now ringing in my ears.—Ever since that day, Mr. Harlande, I have dreaded such a time as this with a superstition”—His words were interrupted by a loud and piercing shout from the man on the lookout.—“A large sail close aboard us, on the starboard bows.” In an instant his trumpet was at his lips;—“Port, sir, port your helm,—jam it hard aport.” With the speed of light his orders were obeyed, and the lively vessel was already beginning to

answer. Followed by Harlande and the excited watch, he rushed forward, and in a voice heard far above the hoarse washing of the seas, shouted his unheard or disregarded remonstrances to the crew of the strange vessel.—But no result followed; whether her watch was sleeping on deck, no mortal has ever known, but she held her way steadily onwards, and notwithstanding the deviation in the packet's course, they came together in a few seconds after she had first been discovered, with a tremendous concussion, and a crash that seemed to exceed the loudest thunder. The stranger was a large brig, with her larboard tacks aboard, and so resolutely had she held on, that her main chains were exactly under the packet's bows as they struck;—with a grinding jar, which struck terror to every heart, the sharp stem plunged deep into her defenceless side; and recoiling from the blow, the stately ship passed on, tearing away all her rigging, till the ponderous masts came thundering down, and she lay a wreck on the sullen deep.—This devastation was the work of an instant; nor had the ship which had wrought it, herself escaped without fearful damage;—in the very first collision she had lost her cut-water; and as she rushed onward, the fastenings of the bowsprit, and the powerful spar itself yielded to the shock, dragging away with it the fore top-mast broken in the cap, which was speedily followed by the main top-gallant mast. Then came the prompt commands thundered through the trumpet, briefly acknowledged, and instantly fulfilled,—to clear away the wreck, to rig the pumps, and ascertain forthwith the extent of the injury. “Keep the passengers quiet, Harlande,” cried the master, after the first confusion was over;—“keep them down below, or we'll have the devil to pay here.—It is well it's no worse.” Seeing at a glance that he could be of no service on deck he descended, and, with that ascendancy which a strong mind ever possesses over less energetic dispositions—soon succeeded in abating at least, if not entirely dissipating, the tremors of his fellow sufferers. Before many minutes had elapsed, he again ascended the companion, and found that the broken spars had been already cut adrift, the spare ropes coiled, the decks restored to their former arrangement, and all things replaced nearly in the same state in which they had been previous to the accident; there needed not, however, a second glance to inform the quick eye of Harlande, that the ship's course was changed—her sails reduced to the smallest possible show of canvas, and her head brought as near the wind as was practicable under existing circumstances; all announced some movement, the ulterior object of which was not so evident.—More than once during his brief absence from the scene of action, he had found leisure to remark the repeated cheerings of the men; and as he passed the slide of the hurricane-house, a gun was discharged, and before he could inquire the reason, a second and third report succeeded, accompanied by the hurrahs of the united crew.—In an instant the truth flashed upon his mind—The brig!—“My God!” he exclaimed, as he staggered to the captain's side,—“is she lost?” The weather-beaten features of the hardy seamen worked violently, and his voice was thick and husky when he replied—“God knows,” he said, “and *He* only—but I dread the worst. For a time our hands were so full, and our hearts so anxious for our own fate, that we had no thought for them,—but since that time we have not heard a sound, that spoke of human life. The breeze slackened too directly after the shock, and is now dying away; it is out of nature that, crippled as she must be, she can lie far from us, if she is yet

afloat ;—Cheer again there, my lads ! and hark you, Mr. Wilde, there should be some rockets below ; see and”—“Silence, for the love of him that made you !” shouted Harlande,—“Silence !—what sound ?”—while the words were yet on his lips, the faint murmur which had reached his ear alone, rose mournfully on the night air.

Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

The master clutched his arm with a grasp of iron, as he muttered “I knew it sir—I knew it—we have destroyed them !”—“A boat then,” cried Harlande, “will you not clear away a boat ?” The captain shook his head—“In such a fog as this it would be an act of self-destruction—we shall have the wind again ere long, and how should a boat’s crew find the ship when they had once pulled from her ?—besides,” he added as he marked a scornful curl on Harlande’s lip, “I dare not order my men on such a duty !” “Give me a boat then, and call for volunteers ! it never shall be said of Lindley Harlande, that he stood by to hear a hundred of his fellows perish, nor stretched a hand to help them !” “You cannot feel it more bitterly than I,” returned the other, “but duty is paramount to feeling—nevertheless find two men who will go with you, and you shall have the boat !” Satisfied with this hardly won permittance, the eager youth rushed forward among the men, nothing doubting that he should find willing assistants—but there was something in the occurrences of the night which had struck an unusual terror into the breast of veterans, who would have sought

the bubble reputation,
E’en in the cannon’s mouth ;

or braved the wildest fury of the tornado, with serene hardihood.—The noiseless approach of the stranger ;—the appearance of no living being on her decks,—the singular manner in which she had vanished, leaving no trace behind,—had acted not only on their fears, but on their superstitions ; nor could any entreaties or promises induce a single individual to face the horrors conjured up by his own excited imagination ! There was not one of these men who would not have eagerly followed any leader on such an expedition, had the sea been running mountains high ; but to be lured to a darkling fate by phantoms was more than their prejudiced spirits could endure ! “And can it be,” said Harlande, as he turned in sickening disappointment from the group, “Can it be that you—men, and sailors !—who daily run this risk yourselves, will venture nothing to save a brother seaman from a death so terrible—that you—fathers and husbands !—with children and wives anxiously praying for your return, will venture nothing that the families of these poor victims may bless you for the restoration of their hopes—that you, responsible beings, who will one day have to render your account to the Ruler of the universe, will venture nothing to save not merely the life, but perhaps the immortal souls of creatures like yourselves !—you, who will show no mercy to others may need that mercy yourselves, and find none to pity or assist !—And you call yourselves mariners, and men ! out upon you ! *men*.”—He saw that his simple eloquence had moved the rude breasts of his auditors, and with increasing energy he pursued his advantage—“Sailors, do ye want a leader ? see a landsman is here to marshal you to the path of honor !—Do ye seek for a reward ? look here”—and

he flung a heavy purse upon the deck which contained his all—"look! here is gold enough to make you rich—if the prayers of all good men were not sufficient riches!" Eagerly had the captain watched the experiment, although he too surely foresaw the result; and now he perceived that all further words were vain; that further exhortation might be not useless only, but even dangerous;—the men were conscious of their own deficiency in moral courage, but would not brook allusion to their weakness from another! "Let us go, Harlande," he whispered, "it is folly, if not worse, to say more—let us go!" He drew him silently, but steadily, to the companion-way, and bidding the mate "splice the main-brace," and send all but the watch below, followed the young foreigner, whom he had already learned to love, into the lower part of the vessel. With the rising sun the fog had gradually melted, but the atmosphere was breathless, and the surface of the ocean tolerably calm; with the first dawn Harlande stood beside the captain, as he leaned against the bulwark, his rough over-coat and *south-wester* dripping with the condensed mist—active topmen were already at work repairing the damages of the preceding night; the spare topmast and other spars were in forward preparation, and every thing bespoke a sure and speedy refit! One of the quarter-boats had been got down from the top of the hurricane-house, on which they had been secured during the continuance of rough weather, and was hanging from its davits evidently ready for use. "I thought you would be anxious for a trip this morning," he exclaimed as soon as he met the eye of Lindley, "so waited for your company, Mr. Wilde can attend to the riggers as well as I could myself, and there'll be no wind before noon, so if you please we'll get under way." The light whale-boat, was speedily lowered, manned with a picked crew, and, before five minutes had passed, they were skimming over the puny waves in the direction of the hapless vessel, when last beheld by mortal eye-sight. It was not long before some floating spars and rigging were descried, and instantly recognized for the masts which had gone by the board in the first collision; no time was lost in pursuing the clue, and before they had traversed another mile of ocean, they fell in with planks and timbers, which too surely indicated her fate. A part of the stern boards were picked up, on which was the name "Whitbread—London"; this, with a hat or two, and some miserable remnants of female finery, was all that remained to tell the fate of near an hundred human beings—for such was ascertained to be the complement, including passengers, of the ill-starred brig. It was conjectured that all hands were sleeping when the accident occurred; that their first cries had been unheard during the confusion which prevailed on board the New-York packet, and that the water had gained on them so rapidly as to preclude the possibility of lowering a boat, or making a single effort for self-preservation. Such were the conjectures!—but the true horrors of that appalling night are known to Him alone, who readeth the heart even as he seeth the eye, to whom the obscurity of midnight is even as the radiance of the morning sun.

A deep gloom was cast on the spirits of all, nor were many seen to smile during the remainder of this eventful passage:—Lindley Harlande alone had profited by the woes of that trying period—for he had gained a friend! Yet such was the singleness of the young man's heart, that there was not one who mourned more deeply over the destruction of these unknown sufferers

than he ; although fully aware, from the increasing attention with which he was received, whether by the crew, or by his fellow passengers, that he had become an object of admiration, if not of esteem, to all who were collected around him; not seldom however—even while his society was sought for, and his noble conduct lauded, on all sides—did he feel that he could almost envy some nameless victim, who had then passed through the valley of death to that common asylum, “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” His soul was shaken, and his dauntless resolution almost gave way, when he bethought him of the pleasures through which he had run so rashly,—and of the toils and trials which lay before him;—the ills of pinching penury—“the cold world’s cruel scorn”—the uncompanioned hearth—the deserted bed of sickness—all shapes and fantasies of coming evil thronged upon his brain, and damped his blighted spirit. As the voyage drew towards its termination, this morbid temperament even increased;—he dreaded the rupture of the temporary intimacies he had contracted, and he could not brook the idea of being again cast forth on the wide universe alone and friendless;—and perhaps his was the only pulse that did not throb the quicker, either through joy or expectation, when the cry of “land” was heard from the topmast head, and the highlands of Neversink were seen to raise their swelling mounds, glittering in the snowy garb of winter, from the dark bosom of the deep.

W.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

TRULY has it been said by the bard OF ALL TIMES, that

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune,—

and perhaps this belief has never been more strongly borne out, than in the personage whose name follows. *John Scott*, together with his brother *William*, was educated in the free-school of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in England. They were both children in the middle class of society. Both were articled to attorneys, and both, at the expiration of these articles, resolved to push their fortune at her great mart, London. John, with whom only we have now to do, went through his term, and got admitted to the bar. But when this was done, poor John could not get a client. Unfortunate young man, his family connexions were few, humble, and far away. It was true, that he had studied deeply and effectually the profession which he had taken up;—it was true, that his companions in private society admired the wit, as much as the knowledge, of honest Jack Scott. In the clubs, in the debating room, in all those places where “small artillery” is practised, Scott invariably bore the palm away, and yet he continued to remain,—a briefless barrister. In vain he was seen daily in Westminster Hall, with wig of snowy whiteness, gown of ample flow, and purple bag, in which, *briefly* to speak, briefs there were none at all. A motion of course produced him now and then a half guinea, but even these were like angel-visits, “few and far between;” and though they brought him the small piece of gold, they brought him not honor nor distinction.

As time wore away, so also wore the patience of poor Scott. A fine flow of spirits had long sustained him, but gradually he was becoming attenuated

in frame, and melancholy in countenance. Some demon whispered him, that he had mistaken the road to fortune, and suggested that he had better retreat in time, and endeavor to patch up his hopes by another course of life. He wrestled with the spirit, however, for a time, still hoping with each day that something might turn up, to draw him from his obscurity ;—for be it observed, that Mr. Scott was aware, and justly aware, that he had within him matter for higher observation than hitherto had fallen upon him. The office of reporter to a daily paper, the contribution of an article occasionally for a magazine, and the few motions above alluded to, in the courts, enabled him to keep the wolf from the door, and to pay his expenses in going on the circuit twice a-year, where the pleasure of seeing one or two mammoth leaders carry away all the practice, and the opportunity of studying human nature in the best school—that of litigation—were his sole rewards ;—for it must be remarked, that though a young man may, in Westminster Hall, have an opportunity of startling the public ear, by some unexpected and powerful remark, yet on circuit the juniors are puppets in the hands of the leaders ; who take especial care not to hazard their popularity, by allowing the young men to exhibit too much.

Such continued to be the life and *sufferings* of John Scott ; his energies cramped, his spirits bowed down, his labors those of drudgery, slavery, and obscurity, which last, by the way, was “th’ unkindest cut of all.” It was no longer a reckoning of months, they had stretched themselves into years, and Mr. Scott still continued a briefless barrister, a reporter, writer, wit, and we had almost said—a broken-hearted man. His elasticity of spirit began now to fail him. He thought seriously of giving up the law, and of trying his fortune in commercial or some other speculation. The thought of this however, the reflection of the time which he had expended in intense study,—the lore which he felt conscious he had treasured up,—the many whom his own heart told him were far inferior to himself in talents, and who, nevertheless, were rolling in affluence, all added gall to bitterness, and great was the difficulty with which he arrived at the conclusion, that all this must be abandoned, if he wished to emerge from the obscurity in which he was plunged.

In fact, he proceeded to pack up his personals, and pay his little accounts ; he negotiated with an eminent bookseller to take his small but valuable collection, and even took his passage in a vessel which was proceeding to Newcastle—his native place.

At this very juncture, dame fortune was preparing for him an important change. The celebrated Lord George Gordon was about to take his trial, and the gentleman who was retained as junior counsel being unexpectedly prevented from performing his duty, the brief and the opening of the cause was by happy chance given to Mr. Scott. It was a god-send. He made himself master of his subject—he was favored with an opportunity which enabled him to *electrify* the court. All eyes were turned upon the hitherto unknown young man. Briefs were from this time poured in upon him. He daily rose in popular opinion, and in that of “the powers that be.” He gradually became Solicitor and Attorney General. He rose to the rank of Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, which office he retained for more than a quarter of a century ; and the obscure John Scott, without a farthing, was merged in the Earl of Eldon, the possessor of £50,000 in annual receipt—the friend of kings and princes—the leader of a powerful party in the state.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

POPE.

THIS sentiment is trite, no doubt, but it is applicable;—so much so, that it is hardly possible to cast a glance over the life of the illustrious man, whose name graces the head of this paper, without being struck with the appositeness of the remark; and indeed it would require no very great stretch of the imagination to suppose that he had squared his conduct by the belief in the opinion here expressed, for all who know Lafayette are aware that neither his talents as a scholar, his prowess as a warrior, nor his sagacity as a counsellor, has given him half the inward satisfaction that he has derived from the conviction of being upright in his motives and liberal in his principles.—It is delightful to the soul to turn away from the ambition, the chicanery—mis-called policy—the bustle and turmoil of the multitude, to contemplate a character made up of all the finest and most amiable of the moral elements, actively and constantly employed in the melioration of the human condition, from motives in which *self* has no share,—which has its reward in viewing the beneficial effects of its exertions, and in the approbation of conscience.

America, with all the faults that her enemies have attributed to her, has not the crime of ingratitude among the number. She is at all times aware of the seasonable services of such men as her own Washington, and of his illustrious friend Lafayette. She never ceases to honor their memories, and takes every opportunity of giving such substantial marks of her esteem as she is able. This she does also in the way most grateful, we may suppose, to the shades of the mighty dead, and to the independent feelings of their distinguished survivors.—She adopts their suggestions and maxims as the rules of her public administration, and she holds up to her children their bright examples, to the end that they may be incited to follow in such steps.—The good, the brave, the generous Lafayette should ever live in the heart of every son of the Union, in hardly less estimation than our great political father and defender. Alike were their motives of action—liberty—the one for home and native land, the other through love of the whole human race, and through the desire of aiding all to obtain the rights of humanity, and of national equality.

Little or nothing can be added to what is already known of Lafayette, in this country, where his every action and thought is viewed with the approving eye of gratitude and esteem, but it is a duty to keep up, from time to time, the attention and recollection, by calling forward bygone scenes, which, though they may remain vivid enough in the memories of those who co-operated in the heart-stirring deeds, yet are liable to lose their impress in the minds of those who know them only by description. Human nature is so constituted, that in all save such matters as affect our personal interests directly, we are apt to let the remembrance first mellow, and then die away;—and however we may regret the failing, we cannot do away with the effects, except by renewing occasionally the incidents, which should never lose their place in national history.

M. P. Gilbert Motier Lafayette, the friend of liberty and equality all over the world, was nevertheless descended of a family highly aristocratical, and which took rank, both from its antiquity and titles, with the first under the *ancien regime* of France. He was born at Chauvaniac, in Auvergne, September 6th, 1757, and is a posthumous son. His father held the rank of Marquis, which title descended in due succession to the illustrious hero of our sketch, and his mother was a scion from a noble stock, being descended from the house of Lusignan. Besides the adventitious honors of noble birth and ancient descent, the two families from whom he sprung could lay claim to the more sterling honor of having given statesmen and warriors to their country, many of whom had fallen gloriously in the field, and some, *not less gloriously*, had worn out their existence in the senate. Among the former were his own father and his uncle, the former of whom was killed in the battle of Minden, leaving a young widow pregnant with our present subject, and the latter some time previously, whilst a young man, in the wars of Italy.

In addition to these losses, the young Marquis was deprived of his mother whilst he was yet very young, and accordingly he fell much under his own guardianship and direction at a very early period; being of ardent temperament, and of noble and expanded feelings, it is less a wonder that they early took the bias which has produced such distinguished and honorable results for mankind;—but the same ardor of feeling also produced the emotion of love in the bosom of the future hero, and at the early age of sixteen we find him married to one still younger than himself, but in whom, as their after history informs us, he found a congeniality of soul, which fitted her to perform duties of such difficulty and danger, as justly to place her in as elevated a position among the female spirits of the age, as her excellent husband has maintained through life among MEN.—She was a daughter of the house of Noailles, always memorable in the annals of France, and her father, the Duc d'Ayen, was a nobleman of considerable influence at the French court, where, however, the young Lafayette declined to accept any office.—The early bent of his mind, in fact, was hostile to the system of government then pursued, and the commotions which began to make themselves heard from the new world to the old, soon attracted his attention, and aroused in him the desire of contributing to the development of his favorite principle.

Steadfastly and anxiously did he watch the progress of the *insurgents*, as they were then called; and, as if to put beyond a doubt the purity of the principles which actuated him to step forward in defence of the great cause of American independence, he chose the very period when our credit was at its lowest ebb, our cause in the most drooping state, our hopes alone sustaining us against all moral and physical probabilities.—It was then, at the early age of twenty, that Lafayette addressed the American commissioners at Paris, with the spirit and determination which has ever been so dear to the American heart,—so grateful in the remembrance of the American nation.—“Until now,” said he, “I have only wished well to your cause, henceforth I will support it.”—And finding that the resources of the commissioners would not enable them to procure a ship for himself and his companions, he purchased and freighted one himself, and sailed with a little band of heroes to the land which he believed to be chosen for the abode of freedom.

Need it be said that he was received with open arms? Yet though the supplies of men and necessities were of great service to the cause, it was nothing compared to the vigor it imparted through the army of the continentals. They perceived that at length their injuries were beginning to excite the commiseration and sympathy of other nations, and the appearance of Lafayette and his brave companions was hailed as the first fruits of that generous feeling. A high command was immediately offered to the noble-hearted Frenchman, and was accepted only on condition that he should be allowed to act at his own expense.

Why should we detain our readers with a detail of the exploits of the young partizan of liberty? They are in the mouths of every age and condition in our country. From his dexterous evasion of the French and British cruisers, both of which attempted to cut off his passage, to the peace with Great Britain, and the establishment of American Independence, they are familiar to every ear as "household words." Suffice it then, to recapitulate briefly—that he was at the battle of Brandywine, where he was wounded;—soon after, in concert with Greene, he beat off a body of English and Hessians with a few raw undisciplined men. He stemmed successfully, though with difficulty, cabals entered into against his immortal friend and compatriot Washington, and was mainly instrumental in preserving the authority of that great man. After various important services rendered in the field, and in debate, he asked leave to visit his native country,—but not for the purpose of reposing under his laurels—not supinely to receive the homage of an admiring world. He had a higher object at heart, and that object he attained. The court of France, originally hostile to the adventure of Lafayette and his friends, had, from the revolution of opinion which was at that time in rapid operation, begun to look upon the American revolution with a more favorable eye, and finally, in somewhat more than a year and a half after the departure of Lafayette for the western continent, had entered into a treaty of alliance with the United States. It was to render this alliance somewhat more than nominal, that he returned to France in about two years from the time of his leaving it, carrying with him the gratitude and friendship of every man in the Union, and various personal tokens of respect.

In Europe he did not remain idle,—the blandishments of a court had no charms for the devoted partizan of a grand revolution. He occupied himself, in concerting with others, modes of annoying the British, even on their own ground,—of diverting their attention, or of increasing their difficulties. He pressed the court of Versailles to activity in the cause they had espoused; roused the Spaniards into action in the same cause,—set every engine to work, both of men and money, that could forward the great design in hand, and again returned to America. He was received with open arms, his services had been already inestimable, but continued actively employed wherever a duty was to be performed, and encouraging and inciting both the troops and the people to patience and perseverance. It is no small proof of the importance in which he was held, to find the British commander, Lord Cornwallis, in the exultation of his soul upon one occasion, in which he fancied Lafayette to be within his toils, exclaiming that "*the boy could not escape him.*"*

* Sarran's Lafayette, i. 23.

"The boy," however, did escape him, and unfortunately for the noble general, he himself could not escape, being obliged to capitulate with his whole army. This was followed by a peace, in which it was the glory of America, and the delight of her patriotic friend, to see fixed upon an imperishable basis, the freedom of a country, which had struggled through difficulties in the sacred cause, unparalleled in the history of nations.

Lafayette, though in the service of the United States, was in Madrid at the actual signing of this peace and acknowledgment, but he shortly afterwards again returned. And now he was received with acclamations on all sides. Wherever he went, the people vied with each other in expressing their gratitude and respect. His bust was placed in a conspicuous place in the capitol, to keep alive a remembrance—which can never die.

It has already been remarked, that the bias in Lafayette's principles was in favor of political liberty and equality. In conformity to that sentiment, all the acts of his early—nay, indeed of his whole—life, were directed, and as early as the summer of 1787, we find him one of the deputies of the *Etats generaux*, propounding those principles in the most direct and unequivocal manner. They are too remarkable to be left out here.

* "Nature has made men free and equal. The distinctions necessary for social order are only founded in general utility.

"Every man is born with rights inalienable and imprescriptible. Such are the liberty of all his opinions, the care of his honor, and of his life, the right of property, the uncontrolled disposal of his person, his industry, and all his faculties; the communication of all his thoughts by all possible means; the pursuit of happiness, and the resistance of oppression.

"The exercise of natural rights has no limits, but such as will ensure their enjoyment to other members of society.

"No man can be subject to any laws, excepting those which have received the assent of himself or his representatives, and which are promulgated beforehand, and applied legally.

"The principle of all sovereignty resides in the nation. Nobody, no individual can possess authority which does not expressly emanate from it.

"Government has for its sole object, the general welfare. This interest requires, that the legislative, executive, and judicial powers, should be distinct and defined; and that their organization should secure the free representation of the citizens, the responsibility of the agents, and the impartiality of the judges.

"The laws ought to be clear, precise, and uniform, for all citizens.

"The subsidies ought to be freely consented to, and fairly imposed.

"And, as the introduction of abuses, and the right of succeeding generations, makes the revision of every human establishment necessary, it must be allowed to the nation to have, in certain cases, an extraordinary convocation of deputies, whose sole object should be, the examination and correction, if necessary, of the vices of the constitution."

Yet, with this love of political and civil liberty inherent in him, Lafayette was not a democrat, in the sense of the word understood at that time. The whole of his conduct shows that his notions of civil liberty were not inconsistent with a limited monarchy, and that he was the firm

and constitutional defender of Louis XVI through stormy times. He was well aware of the immense difference between the establishment of a right order of things in a nation, which had just achieved its own independence, as in the case of the United States, where the world of principle was open for the adoption of that which was best suited to the circumstances of the infant state,—and, the subversion of all established order, which should unhinge the minds of men, give admission to all the wild theories, and the interested projects of factious demagogues. It was the object of Lafayette, as it will ever be the object of a truly patriotic legislator, rather to lop off excrescences, prune the branches, engraft sound stocks, give healthy assistance to the roots of the political tree, than furiously to dig it up from the earth, and endeavor to supply its place by another sapling, the health and fruitfulness of which has not been tried. He will first examine the effects of his experiments, and he will find that holy writ has good politics in it, as well as religion,—“let me dig about it and dress it. If it bear fruit—well—if not, after that thou shalt cut it down.”

That the court had the highest opinion of Lafayette's political integrity, is manifest from the circumstance, that after he had been called by *acclamation* to the command of the newly constituted NATIONAL GUARD, the royal family still continued to confide in him, and that he was, in fact, not only the intercessor between the crown and the sometimes overheated populace, but he was also the adviser of the unhappy family, then nominally on the throne. Nay, it is certain, that had they voluntarily followed the judicious advice generally, which in emergencies they found themselves constrained to do, the French revolution would never have attained the extravagant character which it afterwards drew upon itself; and, in all probability, that dynasty might have still been upon the throne at this hour. Whilst he held this important, but delicate, command, it was the fortune of Lafayette to be the preserver, at different times, even of the *lives* of the king and queen. He moderated the violence of demagogues, yet preserved the esteem of the republicans; he advised to mortifying sacrifices on the part of a monarch bred up in the idea of “divine right,” yet preserved the respect of the humbled sovereign; and could he have changed the despotic character of the government into a constitutional monarchy, upon a model somewhere between the constitutions of England and America, he would have felt satisfied that the institutions of his country had passed through a lustration, to a state satisfactory to his most approved notions of liberty.

But this was not *then* to be the case. The excesses of the various democratic parties on the one side,—the faithless conduct of the court on the other,—together with the laxity of public morals, which was daily becoming more and more glaring in those troublesome and unsettled times, frustrated the philanthropic designs of Lafayette, and his adherents. Famine overtook the Parisians, notwithstanding that the crops in the country had been good,—and the leaders of the factions raised the cry “to Versailles,—bread and the king at Versailles.” A mob is easily incensed, and an artful aristocracy can as easily raise a cry of insubordination. Thus all things tended to widen the breach, and it soon became obvious that the constitutionalists, or middle men, could not long act as moderators between them.

Perhaps, as a *peaceful* reformer, the most erroneous thing proposed by Lafayette, was immediately after the destruction of the Bastile, when he

introduced the tri-colored flag to the national guard.—It is true that the motive was one of good feeling, but he should not have forgotten that a flag is a rallying point, whether to an army or a party,—that they who range themselves together under a certain standard, look with a jealous eye upon the partizans of another standard.—It is human nature itself to do so;—even in peaceful competitorship it has generated ill blood,—much more in political strife. The ancient colors of the city of Paris were red and blue, and it was thought that the old white national flag—white—being blended with them, would prove a mark for the union of opposing interests. Quite the contrary—it was the trumpet of discord, and led, as much as the causes we have enumerated, to the disaster which followed.

The flight of the king, in June 1791, which, as we have before stated, was a faithless act, was particularly so towards Lafayette, whose protection of the royal family was on the perfect understanding that he would not desert his post,—it was in direct contradiction to his own assertion when acting as a mediator, and had the tendency to diminish his credit and popularity where it had hitherto been efficacious. He no sooner became acquainted with the fact, than he took upon himself the responsibility of issuing orders to stop the royal family wheresoever they might be found.—An aid-de-camp of General Lafayette came up with them at Varennes, soon after they had been accidentally arrested there. The unfortunate prince was within an hour, within a league of safety, when this memorable accident happened, which turned the tide of his fortune, and finally brought upon him so melancholy a catastrophe. He was brought back to Paris, but no longer to be treated like a king—no longer to receive even the outward tokens of his respect. The rabble were for tearing him to pieces, the democrats for dethroning him by a summary decree. In vain did Lafayette, and Bailly, the Mayor of Paris, march through the streets with the red flag unfurled, significant that martial law was in force;—in vain did they cause the military to fire into the air;—both failed to intimidate the rioters. A real and serious discharge finally took place, and the ground was soon dyed by the blood of hundreds. Many expired of their wounds, the rest dispersed.—But the tragedy was not yet to be brought to a close. Having the king in their power, the heads of the revolution once more tendered the constitution for his acceptance,—he received and recognized it,—as how could he refuse? The National Assembly then declared itself dissolved, and a new one was to be elected, which, by a *fatal article* of the constitution, was to consist entirely of *new* members, all the late ones being excluded by law from being elected in the then next ensuing Assembly, and thus leaving the field free for those who had hitherto been kept out of the official field of politics, and depriving the country of the active exertions of those who perhaps best knew how to save it.

Lafayette still continued his exertions to retain public order, and to protect the king and the royal family;—unhappily he began to be suspected on both sides,—the king would not trust him,—refused to be protected by him, and led on by infatuation, or at least by a vacillation of mind very unfit for the crisis, made and recalled the most contradictory resolutions, performed the most contradictory acts, and was in fact so mere a football of the mob, that it was quite evident what must ere long be the result. Lafayette, on the other hand, was suspected to be, and indeed was called, a projector for

himself.—The terms “Cromwell,” and “Cromwell-Grandison,” were applied to him.—On this subject there was actually a charge brought against him, that it was his intention to overthrow the government, make himself master of the country, and erect himself as a despot, differing only in name from them which they had labored to shake off.—A debate of the National Assembly, terminated by a resolution of a large majority, that there was no ground of accusation against him.

But he had no alternative now, except an asylum in a foreign land, until the times of anarchy should have reached their acme, and reason and good policy should resume their empire. He, therefore, with a few friends, retreated, with the intention of passing into Holland and England, both of which were then, (in 1792,) neutral countries;—the celebrated *Lameth* was one of those friends. They arrived as far as Liege, when they fell in with a body of Austrians, who delivered them up to the German princes, the family of Maria Antoinette.—That family had all along misunderstood the conduct of Lafayette, the mistaken queen had described him to the coalition, under the mists of prejudice, in which she was unhappily involved, and thus, the very preserver of herself, the throne, and the nation, was considered as a traitor to them all; and when possession was obtained of his person, he was treated with the greatest indignity and severity. In a letter, written from his prison at Magdeburg, addressed to his friend, the Chevalier D'Archenhotz, we have the following reflections of Lafayette, on the state of his own, and of the public affairs, which may be acceptable.

“It is unknown,” says he, “what sufferings have been inflicted upon us by this coalition; but what are those sufferings, to the pains which a heart devoted to liberty feels, from the injustice of *the people*? In that injustice, the three-fold tyranny of despotism, aristocracy, and superstition, finds itself avenged;—but the monster has received a mortal wound.—Here all the contrivances of the inquisition and barbarism are multiplied around us;—but these cruelties do us honor; and whether our heads are reserved to adorn a triumph, or whether it be preferred to make the insalubrity of dungeons, the privation of air and exercise, and every kind of moral torture, have the effect of a slow poison,—I hope that the compassion, the discussion, the indignation, which our fate will excite, *will prove so many germs of liberty*, by raising up for it new defenders. To encourage such, in the sincerity of my heart, I here bequeath you this consoling truth,—*that a signal service rendered to humanity, more than compensates for all the torments, which the united efforts of its enemies, and even the ingratitude of the people may cause.*

“But what will become of the French revolution?—Can reliance be placed on immorality, tyranny, and disorganization?—On men whose venality has disgusted all parties,—whose baseness has always prompted them to kiss the hand which gives or strikes,—whose pretended patriotism was never anything but egotism or envy;—on avowed corrupters of public morality, the authors of protests and projects against the revolution, associated with the sanguinary wretches, who have already so often stained it? What chiefs for a nation that would be free!—*Can its legislators give it a constitution or legal order?—Can its generals prove incorruptible?—However, if, after the convulsion of anarchy, there still should exist one spot where liberty maintains the combat, how I should then curse my chains!*

I refused to live with my countrymen, but not to die for them! Besides, can it be possible to escape from so many barriers of guards and chains?—Why not?—Already a toothpick, some soot, and a bit of paper, have served to deceive my goalers, and at the risk of my life this letter will be conveyed to you. It is true, that to the danger of escape, must be added the difficulty of the journey, and the asylum.—From Constantinople to Lisbon, from Kamtschatka to Amsterdam, (for I am on bad terms with the house of Orange,) bastiles everywhere await me. The Huron and the Iroquois forests are peopled by my friends; with me, the despots of Europe, and their courts, are the savages.—Though I am no favorite at St. James', I should find a nation and laws, but I should wish to avoid a country at war with my own. AMERICA, the country of my heart, would rejoice to see me again, but my solicitude on the destiny of France would make me rather prefer Switzerland."
(*To be continued.*)

CHORUS,

FROM THE ALCESTIS OF EURIPIDES—V. 449.

DAUGHTER of Pelias, glorious be thy doom—
Blissful thy dwelling in the fields that bloom
Beyond the sunless portals of the tomb.

Thee, may the dark haired monarch of the grave—
Thee, the stern oarsman of those hateful waters
Know for the best of earth's departed daughters,
Whose souls have passed the Acherontian wave.

Unnumbered minstrels, with the seven-stringed shell,
The mountain lute, or the harmonious swell
Of choral voices, on thy name shall dwell—

What time the full-orbed moon the heavens may ride
The live-long night her silver beacon burning,
As years bring round the Carnean month returning—
In Sparta, or Athene's halls of pride.

Oh! that to me the godlike power were given
To waft thee back—by oars immortal driven
O'er hell's dark river—to the light of heaven!

For thou alone, of all thy sex most dear,
Hast dared thy lord's mortality to save,—
Yielding thy glorious spirit to the grave,
So he may revel in the upper air.—

Light be the flowery sod thy limbs above,—
Constant thy tearful spouse—as widowed dove;—
Else may thy babes disown his perjured love!—

Thou—when his hoary mother feared to die,
Dooming the child she bore to timeless death,—
Thou—when his sire refused with failing breath
Life's earliest raptures for his son to buy,—

In youthful beauty from his wedlock torn,
Leaving a youthful lord thy loss to mourn,
Hast crossed the cold irremeable bourne!

Mine be the lot to clasp so true a bride—
How dark soe'er the storms of fate may lour—
How bright soe'er her gifts may fortune shower—
Nor weal, nor wo, shall rend me from her side.—

THE SYRIAN LADY,

A SKETCH OF THE CRUSADES.

Yes, love indeed is light from heaven ;
 A spark of that immortal fire
 With angels shared, by Allah given,
 To lift from earth our low desire.
 Devotion wafts the mind above,
 But heaven itself descends in love.

THE GIAOUR.

THERE is something in the first approach of spring, in the budding of the young leaves, the freshness of the genial atmosphere, the songs of the small birds, the increasing warmth and lustre of the sun,—as contrasted with the gloomy winter which has just departed,—that cannot fail to awaken ideas of a gay and lively character in all hearts, accessible to the influences of gratitude and love. In compliance, as it were, with this feeling, a custom has more or less generally prevailed among all nations, and in all ages, of celebrating the arrival of this season by merriment, and song, and rural triumph. Like many other admirable practices of the olden time, the setting apart to joy and innocent festivity of the first of May, is now gradually falling into neglect ; but at the period of which we are about to treat, not Christmas itself could be observed with more reverential care, than its inviting rival. On Mayday, the evergreens which had decked the cottage and the church, the castle and the cloister, gave way to garlands of such flowers as the mellowing influences of the season had already called into their existence of beauty and perfume ;—troops of morris-dancers paraded the public ways with their fantastic dresses, glittering blades, and intricate evolutions ;—feasting and wassail, without which even pleasure itself was then deemed incomplete, prevailed on every side ;—in the crowded city, or in the secluded valley ;—in the hut of the serf, or in the turretted keep of his warlike lord ;—in the gloom of the convent, or in the glitter of the court, the same feelings were excited, the same animation glowed in every countenance, the same triumphant demonstrations of joy hailed the glad harbinger of sunshine and of summer.

In England, above all other lands—the *merry* England of antiquity !—was this pleasing festival peculiarly dear to all classes of society ; at all times a period eagerly anticipated, and rapturously enjoyed, never perhaps was its arrival celebrated by all men with wilder revelry, with more enthusiastic happiness, than on the year, which had accomplished the deliverance of their lion-hearted monarch from the chains of perfidious Austria. It seemed to the whole nation as though, not only the actual winter of the year, with its dark accompaniments of snow and storm, but the yet more oppressive winter of anarchy and misrule, of usurpation and tyranny, were about to pass away from the people, which had so long groaned under the griping sway of the bad John, or been torn by the savage strife of his mercenary barons ; while their legitimate and honored sovereign was dragging his dreary hours along in the dungeon, from which he had but now escaped, through the devoted fidelity, and unrivalled art, of the minstrel Blondel.

Now, however, their king was on the throne of his fathers, girt with a circle of those gallant spirits, who had shed their blood like water on the

thirsty deserts of Syria; earning not only earthly honor and renown, but—as their imperfect faith had taught them to believe—the far more lofty guerdon of eternal life. Now their national festival had returned—they were called upon by the thousand voices of nature to give the rein to pleasure, and why should they turn a deaf ear to her inspiring call?

The streets of London—widely different indeed from the vast wilderness of walls, which has risen like a phoenix from the ashes of its predecessor, but even at that early age, a vast and flourishing town—were thronged, from the earliest dawn, by a constant succession of smiling faces! old and young;—men and maidens;—grave citizens and stern soldiers;—all yielding to the excitement of the moment, all hurrying from the intricate lanes of the city to greet their king; who had announced his intention of holding a court at Westminster, and proceeding thence at high noon, to feast with the city dignitaries in Guildhall. The open stalls, which then occupied the place of shops, were adorned by a display of their richest wares, decorated with wreaths of a thousand bright colors:—steel harness, from the forges of Milan,—rich velvets from the looms of Genoa,—drinking cups and ewers of embossed gold, glittered in every booth.—The projecting galleries, which thrust forward their irregular gables far across the narrow streets, were hung with tapestries of price; while garlands of flowers stretched from side to side, and the profusion of hawthorn boughs,—with their light green leaves and snowy blossoms,—lent a sylvan appearance to the crowded haunts of the metropolis. From space to space the streets were guarded by the city watch in their white cassocks, and glittering head-pieces; while ever and anon the train of some great lord came winding its way—with led horses in costly caparison, squires and pages in the most gorgeous fashion of the day, the banner and the knightly armor of the baron borne before him, from his lodgings in the Minories, or the more notorious Chepe. The air was literally alive with music and light laughter; even the shaven and cowled monk,—as he threaded his way through the motley concourse,—suffered the gravity of his brow to relax into a smile, when he looked upon the undisguised delight of some fair girl, escorted by her trusty bachelor,—now stopping to gaze on the foreign curiosities displayed in decorated stalls—now starting in affected terror from the tramp and snort of the proud war-horse, or mustering a frown of indignation at the unlicensed salutation of its courtly rider,—now laughing with unsuppressed glee, at the strange antics of the *mummers* and *morricers*, who, in every disguise that fancy could suggest, danced and tumbled through the crowded ways,—heedless of the disturbance which they excited, or the danger they incurred from the hoofs of chargers, which were prancing along in constant succession, to display the equestrian graces and firm seat of some young aspirant for the honors of chivalry.

The whole scene was in the highest degree picturesque, and such as no other age of the world could afford. The happiness, which although fleeting and fictitious, threw its bright illumination over the whole multitude, oblivious of the cares, the labors, and the sorrows of to-morrow, affording a subject for the harp of the poet, no less worthy his inspired meditations, than the gorgeous coloring and the rich costume of the middle ages might lend to the pencil of a Leslie or a Newton.

In a chamber overlooking with its Gothic casements this scene of conta-

gious mirth,—alone,—unmoved by the gay hum which told of happiness in every passing breeze,—borne down, as it would appear, by the weight of some secret calamity,—sat Sir Gilbert Eglinton! of glorious form and unblemished fame, the bravest of the brave on the battle plain,—unequalled for wisdom in the hall of council,—he had been among the first of those bold hearts, who had buckled on their knightly armor, to fight the good fight of Christianity;—to rear the cross above the crescent; and to redeem the Savior's sepulchre from the contaminating sway of the unbeliever.

There was not one among the gallant thousands, who had followed their lion-hearted leader from the green vales of England to the sultry sands of Palestine,—whose high qualities had been more frequently tried; or whose undaunted valor was more generally acknowledged, than the knight of Eglinton.—There was not one, to whose lance the chivalrous Richard looked more confidently for support; nor one to whose counsel he more willingly inclined his ear.—In the last desperate effort before the walls of Ascalon, when with thirty knights alone, the English monarch had defied the concentrated powers, and vainly sought an opponent in the ranks of sixty thousand mussulmen;—his crest had shone the foremost in those fierce encounters, which have rendered the name of the *Melec Ric* a terror to the tribes of the desert, that has endured even to the present day. It was at the close of this bloody encounter that, conquered by his own previous exertions, rather than by the prowess of his foemen,—his armor hacked and rent,—his war-steed slain beneath him,—he had been overwhelmed by numbers while wielding his tremendous blade beside the bridle-rein of his king, and borne away by the Saracens into hopeless captivity.

Days and months had rolled onwards, and the limbs of the champion were wasted, and his constitution sapped by the vile repose of the dungeon; yet never for an instant had his proud demeanor altered, or his high spirit quailed beneath the prospect of an endless slavery.—All means had been resorted to by his turbaned captors, to induce him to adopt the creed of Mahomet,—threats of torments such as was scarcely endured even by the martyrs of old,—promises of dominion, and wealth, and honor,—the agonies of thirst and hunger,—the allurements of beauty almost superhuman,—had been brought to assail the faith of the despairing but undaunted prisoner; and each temptation had been tried, but to prove how unflinching was his resolution, and how implicit his faith in that Rock of Ages, which he had ever served with enthusiastic, at least if erring, zeal,—and with a fervency of love which no peril could shake, no pleasure could seduce from its serene fidelity.

At length when hope itself was almost dead within his breast; when ransom after ransom had been vainly offered; when the noblest Moslem captives had been tendered in exchange for his inestimable head; and to crown the whole, when the no longer united powers of the crusading league had departed from the shores on which they had lavished so much of their best blood; his deliverance from the fetters of the infidel was accomplished by one of those extraordinary circumstances which the world calls chance, but which the Christian knows how to attribute to the infinite mercies of an overruling Providence.—The eagerness of the politic sultan,—whose name ranks as high among the tribes of Islam, as the glory of his opponents among the pale sons of Europe,—to obtain proselytes from the nations,—

which he had the sagacity to perceive were no less superior to the wandering hordes of the desert in arts, than in arms,—had led him to break through those laws which are so intimately connected with the religion of Mahomet—the laws of the haram ! As the pious faith of the western warrior appeared to gain fresh vigor from every succeeding temptation ; so did the anxiety of his conqueror increase, to gain over to his cause a spirit the value of which was daily rendered more and more conspicuous. In order to bring about this end, after every other device had failed, he commanded the admission to the Briton's cell of the fairest maiden of his haram ; a maid whose pure and spotless beauty went further to prove her unblemished descent, than even the titles, which were assigned to the youthful Lilla, of almost royal birth.—Dazzled by her charms, and intoxicated by the fascination of her manner, her artless wit, and her delicate timidity, so far removed from the unbridled passion of such other eastern beauties as had visited his solitude,—the Christian soldier betrayed such evident delight in listening to her soft words, and such keen anxiety for a repetition of the interview, that the oriental monarch believed that he had in sooth prevailed. Confidently however as he had calculated on the conversion of the believing husband by the unbelieving wife, the bare possibility of an opposite result had never once occurred to his distorted vision.—But truly has it been said "*magna est veritas et prævalebit* !" —the damsel who had been sent to create emotion in the breast of another, was the first to become its victim herself ; she whose tutored tongue was to have won the prisoner from the faith of his fathers, was herself the first to fall away from the creed of her race.—Enamored, beyond the reach of description, of the good knight,—whose attractions of person were no less superior to the boasted beauty of the oriental nobles, than his rich and enthusiastic mind soared above their prejudiced understandings—she had surrendered her whole soul to a passion as intense as the heat of her native climate ; she had lent a willing ear to the fervid eloquence of her beloved, and had drank in fresh passion from the very language, which had won her reason from the debasing superstitions of Islamism to the bright and everlasting splendors of the Christian faith. From this moment the eastern maid became the bride of his affections,—the solace of his weary hours,—the object of his brightest hopes.—He had discovered that she was worthy of his love, he was sure that her whole being was devoted to his welfare, and he struggled no longer against the spirit with which he had battled, as unworthy his country, his name, and his religion. It was not long ere the converted maiden had planned the escape, and actually effected the deliverance, of her affianced lover ; she had sworn to join him in his flight ; she had promised to accompany him to his distant country, and to be the star of his ascendant destinies, as she had been the sole illumination to his hours of desolation and despair.—Rescued from his fetters, he had lain in concealment on the rocky shores of the Mediterranean, anxiously awaiting the vessel which was to convey him to the land of his birth, and her whose society alone could render his being supportable. The vessel arrived !—but what was the agony of his soul on learning that she—whom he prized above light, and life, and all save virtue—had fallen a sacrifice to the furious disappointment of her indignant countrymen. Maddened with grief, and careless of an existence which had now become a burthen, rather than a treasure, he would have returned to avenge

the wrongs of his lost Lilla, and perish on her grave; had not her emissaries,—conscious that in such a case the fate, which had befallen the mistress, must undoubtedly be theirs likewise,—compelled him to secure their common safety by flight. After weary wanderings, he had returned a heart-stricken wretch to his native England, at that moment rejoicing with unfeigned delight at the recovery of her heroic king; he sometimes mingled in the labors of the council, or the luxuries of the banquet, but it was evident to all that his mind was far away! that for him there might indeed be the external semblance of joy, but that all within was dark and miserable! it was plain that, in the words of the poet,

"That heavy chill had frozen o'er the fountain of his tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears."

On this morning of universal joy—to him a period fraught with the gloomiest recollections, for it was the anniversary of that sad day—on which he had parted from the idol of his heart, never to behold her more!—On this morning, he had secluded himself from the sight of men; he was alone with his memory! His eyes indeed rested on the letters of an illuminated missal which lay before him; but the long dark lock of silky hair, which was grasped in his feverish hand, showed too plainly that his grief was still of that harrowing and fiery character, which prevents the mind from tasting as yet the consolations of divine truth. He had sat thus for hours, unconscious of the passing multitude, whose every sound was borne to his unheeding ears by the fresh breeze of spring. His courtly robe, and plumed bonnet, his collar, spurs, and sword, lay beside him, arranged for the approaching festival by his officious page; but no effort could have strung his nerves, or hardened his heart, on that day, to bear with the frivolous ceremonies and false glitter of a court. He recked not now, whether his presence would lend a zest to the festival, or whether his absence might be construed into offence! The warrior, the politician, the man—were merged in the lover! Utter despondency had fallen upon his spirit—like the oak of his native forests he was proud and unchanged in appearance, but the worm was busy at his heart. Even tears would have been a relief to the dead weight of despair which had benumbed his very soul;—but never, since that fatal hour, had one drop relieved the aching of his brain, or one smile gleamed across his haggard features. Mechanically he fulfilled his part in society; he moved, he spoke, he acted, like his fellow men; but he was now become,—from the most ardent and impetuous of his kind,—a mere creature of habit and circumstance.

So deeply was he now absorbed in his dark reveries, that the increasing clamor of the multitude had escaped his attention, although the character of the sounds was no longer that of unmingled pleasure. The voices of men, harsh and pitched in an unnatural key, rude oaths, and tumultuous confusion, proclaimed that, if not engaged in actual violence, the mob was at least ripe for mischief. More than once, during the continuance of these turbulent sounds, had the plaintive accents of a female voice been distinctly audible—when on a sudden a shriek arose, of such fearful import, close beneath the casements of the abstracted baron, that it thrilled to his very heart. It seemed to his excited fancy, that the notes of a well remembered voice lent their music to that long-drawn cry; nay, he almost imagined that his own name was indistinctly blended in that yell of fear. With the

speed of light he had sprung to his feet, and hurried to the lattice; but twice before he reached it, had the cry been repeated, calling on the name of "Gilbert" with a plaintive energy, that could no longer be mistaken. He gained the embrasure, dashed the trelliced blinds apart—and there—struggling in the licentious grasp of the retainers, who ministered to the brutal will of some haughty noble—her raven tresses scattered to the winds of heaven,—her turbaned shawl, and flowing caftan, rent and disordered by the rude hands of lawless violence—he beheld a female form of unrivalled symmetry, clad in the well remembered garments of the east. Her face was turned from him, and the dark masses of hair, which had escaped from their confinement, entirely concealed her features; still there was an undefined resemblance which acted so keenly upon his feelings, that the thunder of heaven could scarcely burst with a more appalling crash above the heads of the guilty, than did the powerful tones of the crusader as he bade them—"as they valued life, release the damsel!" With a rapid shudder, which ran through every limb at his clear summons, she turned her head. It was! it was his own lost Lilla!—the high and polished brow,—the eyes that rivalled in languor the boasted organs of the wild gazelle,—the rapturous ecstasy that kindled every lineament, as she recognized her lover's form,—

——the voice that clove through all the din,
As a lute's pierceth through the cymbal's clash,
Jarred but not drowned by the loud bratling—

were all! all Lilla's!—To snatch his sword from its scabbard, to vault at a single bound from the lofty casement, to force his way through the disordered press, to level her audacious assailants to the earth, was but a moment's work for the gigantic power of the knight, animated as he now was, by all those feelings which can minister valor to the most timid, and give strength to the feeblest arm! He beheld her whom he had believed to be snatched for ever from his heart! nor could hundreds of mail-clad soldiers have withstood his furious onset! He had already clasped his recovered treasure in one nervous arm, whilst with the other he brandished aloft the trusty blade, which had so often carried havoc and terror to the centre of the Moslem lines; when the multitude enraged at the interference of a stranger with what to them appeared the laudable occupation of persecuting a witch or infidel, seconded by the bold ruffians who had first laid hands upon the lovely foreigner, rushed bodily onward, threatening to overpower all resistance by the weight of numbers! gallantly, however, and at the same time mercifully, did Sir Gilbert Eglinton support his previous reputation; dealing sweeping blows with his huge falchion on every side, yet shunning to use the point or edge, he had cleft his way in safety to the threshold of his own door; yet even then the final issue of the strife was far from certain, for so sudden had been the exit of the baron, and from so unusual an outlet, that not one of his household were conscious of their lord's absence, and the massy portal was closed against the entrance of the lawful owner. Stones and staves flew thick around him, and so fiercely did the leaders of the furious mob press upon his retreat, that, yielding at length to the dictates of his excited spirit—he dealt the foremost a blow, which would have cloven him to the teeth though he had been fenced in triple steel; thundering at the same time with his booted heel against the oaken leaves

of his paternal gate and shouting to page and squire within, till the vaulted passages rang forth in startled echoes.—At this critical moment the din of martial music, which had long been heard approaching, though so actively were the rioters engaged in their desperate onset, and so totally engrossed was the baron in the rescue of his recovered bride, that neither party were aware of the gorgeous cavalcade, that was winding its long train towards them, till the leaders were actually on the scene of action!—Of stature almost gigantic, noble features, and kingly bearing,—his garb glittering with gold and jewels, till the dazzled eye could scarcely brook its splendor, backing asteed, which seemed as though its strength and spirit might have borne Goliath to the field, and wielding a blade which no other arm in Christendom could have poised even for a second, the lion-hearted Richard, followed by every noble of his realm, dashed with his native impetuosity into the centre—"Ha! St. George," he shouted in a voice heard clearly above the mingled clang of instruments, and tumult of the conflict,—"**Have ye nobetter way to keep our festival, than thus to take base odds on one? shame on ye! vile rescraunts! what ho!**" he cried as he recognized the person of the knight,—"**Our good comrade of Eglinton thus hard bestead!—hence to your kennels, ye curs of England—dare ye match yourselves against the Lion and his brood!**"—Loud rang the acclamations of the throng, accustomed to the blunt boldness of their warrior king, and losing sight of his haughty language, in joy for his return, and admiration of the additional glory which had accrued to the whole nation from the prowess of its champion.—"**God save thee—gallant lion-heart!—never was so brave a knight! never so noble a king!**" Louder still was the wonder of the monarch and his assembled court, when they learned the strange adventure, which had been brought to so fair a conclusion, by their unexpected succor. The lady threatened with the lasting indignation of the royal Saladin, though never really in danger of life, had devised the false report of her own death; knowing that it were hopeless for her to dream of flight, so long as the eyes of all were concentrated on her in dark and angry suspicion; and knowing also that no dread of instant dissolution, nor hope of liberty could have induced her devoted lover to have quitted the land while she remained in "durance vile."

When the first excitement,—caused by the escape of a prisoner so highly esteemed as was the bold crusader,—had ceased to agitate the mussulman divan, and affairs had returned to their usual course. Easily escaping from the vigilance of the haram guard, she had made good her flight to the seabathed towers of Venice, and thence to the classic plains of Italy. Then it was, that the loneliness of her situation,—the perils, the toils, the miseries which she must necessarily endure, weighed no less heavily on her tender spirits, than the unwonted labor of so toilsome a journey, on her delicate and youthful frame. Ignorant of any European language, save the name of her lover, and the metropolis of his far distant country, her sole reply to every query was, the repetition, in her musical, although imperfect accents, of the words—"London,"—"Gilbert!" Marvellous it is to relate,—and were it not in good sooth *history*, too marvellous!—that her talismanic speech did at length convey her,—through nations hostile to her race,—through the almost uninhabited forest, and across the snowy barrier of the Alps,—through realms laid waste by relentless banditti; and cities teeming with licentious

and merciless adventurers,—to the chalky cliffs and verdant meadows of England! For weeks had she wandered through the streets of the vast metropolis, jeered by the cruel, and pitied, but unaided, by the mereiful,—tempted by the wicked, and shunned by the virtuous,—repeating ever and anon, her simple exclamation, “Gilbert, Gilbert!”—till her strength was well nigh exhausted, and her spirits were fast sinking into utter despondency and despair. On the morning of the festival she had gone forth, with hopes renewed, when she perceived the concourse of nobles crowding to greet their king,—for she knew her Gilbert to be high in rank and favor,—and fervently did she trust that this day would be the termination of her miseries.—Again was she miserably deceived;—so miserably, that perchance—had not the very assault which had threatened her with death or degradation, restored her, as it were by magic, to the arms of him, whom she had so tenderly and truly loved,—she had sunk that night beneath the pressure of grief and anxiety, too poignant to be long endured. But so it was not ordained by that perfect Providence, which—though it may for a time suffer bold vice to triumph, and humble innocence to mourn—can ever bring real good out of seeming evil; and whose judgments are so inevitably, in the end, judgments of mercy and of truth, that well might the minstrel king declare of old in the inspired language of holy writ,—

I have been young, and am now old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

H.

LINES.

FROM BION'S EPITAPH ON THE PASTORAL POET MOSCHUS.

Wo! wo! the mallows which in gardens fall,
 And the green parsleys, and crisp anise tall,
 Shoot fresh in spring; we glorious, wise, and brave,
 Once dying, sleep within the hollow grave,—
 Deaf to life's call, though vernal suns advance,
 One long interminable dreamless trance.

W. H.

In the concluding paragraph of the article, on “The Beauties of the Greek Tragedians,” we promised our readers, that the two passages translated from Euripides, which were then deferred, should appear in subsequent pages of the present number;—it seems, however, that “The Tale of Troy Divine,” is condemned to undergo a postponement to a still more distant period; as a press of matter, which appeared to be of a more interesting description, has compelled us to set the Chorus aside, till we shall again meet our readers on the first day of July.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES

OF

LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, SCIENCES, THE DRAMA, &c.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF EUSEBIUS PAMPHILUS, Bishop of Casarea in Palestine, translated from the original, by the Rev. C. F. Cruse, A.M. Assistant Professor in the University of Pennsylvania, published by the Rev. R. Davis and brother, Philadelphia.—We regret extremely that neither our limits, nor the time, which we have as yet been enabled to devote to the perusal of this valuable work, are such as to authorize us to speak fully at the present moment concerning the merits of its execution; still however we hope, that at some future period, we shall find leisure to give it that attention, of which—from a superficial examination—it seems so worthy. To the utility of the undertaking we gladly testify; the history of Eusebius has always been acknowledged by the church, as a book of the highest authority; the production of one, who by his high talents, no less than his piety, attained to an exalted station in the primitive Church of Christ, and who as author, professes the inestimable advantage of a near acquaintance with the events which he professes to describe. On a slight inspection, it appears to us that Mr. Cruse has performed his part ably, both as regards the accuracy of the version, and the perspicuity of his style; and we are convinced that, in giving this first edition of the oldest ecclesiastical history to the American world, he has conferred no slight obligation on the world in general, and more particularly on those who profess to be sheep of one fold, under one shepherd. We cannot however but regret, that Mr. Cruse had not persevered in illustrating the text of his author, not only by annotations, but by the collation of parallel passages,—whether from the inspired writings themselves, or from the compilations of later historians, and the labors of the venerable fathers of our holy church; we are not indeed wholly free from apprehension, that without the aid of some such elucidation, the ecclesiastical history may be held too dry a study for the general reader, which—should it prove to be so—will be no small detraction from the utility of the publication; the main object of which, must necessarily be the diffusion of that matter among the world at large, which, as a matter of course, is read and studied in its original tongue by all ministers and professors of our blessed religion. Waiting anxiously for an opportunity of thoroughly comparing the

English version with the text,—the only method of really testing the excellence of a translation,—we in the mean time fear not to recommend it to our readers, certain that they will find it to be the studied effort of a scholar, and a Christian.

NARRATIVE OF A VOYAGE TO THE SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN; by Abby Jane Morrell—New York: published by J. & J. Harper, 82 Cliff-street.—As a book of travels ably performed is one of the most instructive, entertaining, and praiseworthy efforts of authorship, so perhaps is it one of the most difficult. Any person, to be a judicious narrator of travels, should not only be an accurate observer of things, but a shrewd judge of men and motives; he must not only see clearly himself, but he must set his views clearly before his readers; he must possess the *savoir écrire*, the knowledge when he may expand, and when he must condense; he must particularly beware of trivial reflection, such as would naturally occur to any mind; and, above all things else, he must shun egotism, as the rock which of all others is the most likely to cause the shipwreck of his hopes. It is of course owing to these arduous difficulties, that we must attribute the fact, that well written books of voyages are by far the rarest of all works of a literary nature. In addition to all the qualities above enumerated, it is highly desirable that the narrator should possess a general knowledge of ornithology, botany, and geology; and for these reasons we have hardly met with a relation of travels worth reading in several years, if we except the journals of men,—scientific men of course,—sent out on expeditions for the advancement of science by the governments of various nations. We fear that the narrative of "a voyage to the South Atlantic" has no pretensions to rank above the *mediocre* in its line; agreeably written, and evidently the production of an amiable and well-intentioned mind, it is nevertheless terribly deficient in the new, the striking, and the original, which are the qualities we most expect to find in publications of this nature;—notwithstanding this drawback, and some deficiencies in style and language, we doubt not but that many persons will derive amusement and information from its pages.

ZOWRAH THE HOSTAGE, by the author of Hajji Baba, published by J. & J. Harper, 82 Cliff-st. New-York, 1833.—Such is the superfluity of novels which are rushing in a continued and overwhelming stream from

the American press, that were we to record their names alone, without attempting to discuss their good or evil qualities, the bare list would occupy many pages. Such however is not our intention! Nor had we hundred of sheets craving matter to fill them, would we condescend to notice the majority of these flimsy productions. Zohrab is not one of these! It is a work of decided talent!—the work of a man who is writing what *he knows*, not what he invents! The costume, language and scenery of the whole are thoroughly Persian,—perhaps rather too much so for English readers, but spirited, interesting, and true. If we mistake not, the author has had personal opportunities of becoming acquainted both with the people and the country; and consequently his sketches are likenesses, and his descriptions landscapes! The principal fault of the novel lies in the disgusting repetitions of barbarity, which however true they may be, are prohibited from the stage by sound taste and good breeding.—

"Ne pueros coram populo medea trucidet."

The cruelties of Mohammed Aga Sha are, we grant it, historical, but we deny the truth of that position, which would assert that, because historical, they are therefore properly introduced into a work of fiction,—whose sole object must of course be entertainment,—with details which must offend every delicate ear, and chill every sensitive heart.

WACOUSTA, or the Prophecy: a Tale of the Canadas, by the author of *Ecarté*.—Key and Biddle, Minor-street, Philadelphia. An historical romance, founded on the attempts to capture the British forts of Detroit and Michillimackinac, by the famous Pontiac,—equal in harrowing excitement, rapid succession of incident, and vivacious description, to the best of Mr. Cooper's scenes of Indian warfare; and though strictly original, not dissimilar to his style of writing. Were the second volume at all equal to the first, we should not have the least hesitation in pronouncing it the very best novel of its kind we have ever seen: and although there is a considerable falling off towards the end, owing to over anxiety to produce startling effects, and a complication of unnecessary horrors, it is nevertheless a very powerful piece of composition.—We are far from being of that opinion, which holds it essential that every fictitious tale should end with a favorable solution of all prior difficulties,—a feast,—and a wedding.—We are, however, inclined to think that the author of *Wacousta*, has diminished the excellence of his work, by the frightful catastrophe of Clara,—whose fate is too dreadful even to think of in a fiction, without horror,—after her nearly accomplished rescue from the barbarous associate of the Indian chief. The parts of the tale which gave us most pleasure, were the whole opening scene, the fruitless attempt of Pontiac to surprise the garrison of Detroit, and the departure

of the young officers on their mission to warn the sister fortress of Michillimackinac, of the intended stratagem of the Ottawa. The part which we like the least, is the history of Wacousta himself, and the brutality of his conduct towards the wretched Ellen Halloway, and the still more wretched Clara Haldimar. The closing catastrophe,—the escape of the renegade from the fortress of his countrymen,—the pursuit, and all—but the needless destruction of the two persons on whose safety the interest of the story hangs—is spirited and clever, but we think the book would have been improved, had the traitor and ravisher fallen by the bullets of Sir Everard, rather than by the knife of his comrade.

SCHINDERHANNES, the Robber of the Rhine, by Leitch Ritchie.—Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard. 1833.—Without absolutely agreeing with those who have asserted that such fictions as the above are positively immoral, we still are inclined to think that the portraying of robbers, banditti, murderers,—villains who took life without hesitation for the value, as it were, of a man's doublet,—hypocrites who presumed to mock the Almighty by the recitation of prayers and masses over their butchered victims,—in the light of high-minded amiable, generous being, led astray

By deep interminable pride—

braving the laws, and therefore to be avoided, but not, as in truth they are, wretches who deserve to be shot down, or hung up without mercy whenever they may chance to be taken,—cannot but have a prejudicial effect on the minds of the young and imaginative. We must not forget, that after the representation of "*Schiller's Robbers*," the utmost vigilance was necessary to prevent the outbreak of many among the noblest of the German youth, who, enamored of the wild pleasures, the stormy excitement of an outlawed life,—were burning to rush into the haunts of the forest, and to plunge headlong into the abyss of actual crime and infamy. We do not indeed believe the possibility of a similar result in the present day, still less in such countries as England or America; where obedience to the laws is inculcated from the earliest childhood, and where the distinctions of right and wrong are far more clearly defined and generally understood, than among the metaphysical discussions of the German University; human nature is, however, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever,—nor can that which formerly produced effects so prejudicial, be now considered wholesome!—The story is well told, and the very subject implies the necessity of interest, but we must regret that such men as Leitch Ritchie and M'Farlane, cannot find some better subjects whereon to display their powers than such *Newgate Calendars* as "*Schinderhannes*," or the "*Lives of Celebrated Robbers and Banditti*."

THE LIFE OF JOHN JAY, with Selections from his Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers. By his son Wm. Jay; 2 vols. 8mo. J. & J. Harper, New-York.—Like many other publications, whose titles promise funds of instruction and entertainment, which will furnish stores for many a wintry day and long evening; the *Life of John Jay* lies before us, to our shame be it spoken, almost unopened.—Casually indeed we have glanced our eyes across its pages, and even from this slight survey we venture to recommend it strongly to all our readers. Without violating the sanctity of domestic privacy, without divulging to a world,—ever eagerly seeking for scandal and news—the correspondence of a private nature, or resorting to any of the paltry tricks, by which authors of memoirs too often swell their pages, and gratify the curiosity, where they cannot enlighten the understanding, of their readers;—the son of this great and good man has set before our countrymen a lively picture of one to whom they owe a debt of gratitude, not easily to be repaid; as a statesman, in periods of no ordinary difficulty or danger, he ever conducted himself so as to contribute no less to the honor than to the advantage of America.—The papers, which have been here selected for publication, are not of the unworthy nature which we have alluded to above; but such as tend to throw a light either upon the character of the individual, or upon the subjects of his labors, and the history of the age in which he so nobly served his native land.—It appears, indeed, that some of these tend to prove that America is not so deeply indebted to the Sixteenth Louis as some of us have been prone to believe:—For our own parts, we have ever held the opinion that we received aid from the Court of Versailles, against the arms of England, rather from hate to *them*, than from love to *ourselves*; nor is it any matter of surprise to us, that,—had an opportunity occurred,—the liberties of America would have been sacrificed to the aggrandisement of “*La Belle France*.” Reserving ourselves for a more favorable opportunity, we hold ourselves pledged to our readers, to offer them a fuller notice, with extracts, of this important publication, at an early period.

JOHN MILTON, his *Life and Times*, Religious and Political Opinions—by Joseph Ivimey—New-York. D. Appleton & Co. It is to be regretted, that in a work so valuable, as this might have been rendered, the author should have indulged in a polemical spirit, which we fear will raise up more enemies, than it will procure converts, there is a degree of asperity in his remarks, which in no wise accords with the manner in which he deprecated hot and hasty animadversions in others. Moreover, although much of the matter is good, the same praise can by no means be awarded to the manner, in fact the style is somewhat embarrassed, and not always strictly grammatical. Notwithstanding these defects, there is much

information to be derived from this publication, and above all it abounds in well selected passages from the writings of the blind bard himself. By the way, we deprecate in the strongest terms the introduction of such miserable scratches, as that which faces the title of Mr. Ivimey's book, calling itself a *Portrait of John Milton*,—who is known to have been—in his younger days—of such rare beauty, as to have captivated the affections of an Italian lady, who accidentally beheld him sleeping on a bank! How he should have, at any period of his life, become the stupid, sour-looking fanatic, he is here represented—we are at a loss to conceive: and if he were so indeed,—like the visionary of Argos—we should have preferred to be left in our delusion, rather than to be awaked from a dream, which, if false, was nevertheless both innocent and gratifying.

THE WONDROUS TALE OF ALROY; by the author of *Contarini Fleming*, &c.; Philadelphia, Carey, Lea & Blanchard.—Another novel from the pen of Mr. D'Israeli, and apparently possessing the same brilliant style as his preceding works. We did not ourselves admire the last of his romances, so much as those of many other writers whom we could mention; nevertheless, a far better judge than we, Lytton Bulwer, has pronounced *Contarini Fleming* to be the production of no ordinary mind. Mr. D'Israeli is no less conspicuous in his own country, as an eager supporter of the cause of liberty and knowledge, than as a writer, and is considered by all parties a young man of high and increasing promise.

STANLEY BUXTON, or the *School Fellows*, by the author of *Annals of the Parish*, &c., 2 vols., Philadelphia, E. L. Carey & A. Hart.—Mr. Galt's reputation is well known as a writer, famous for a peculiar caustic turn of humor, occasionally mingled with slight touches of exquisite pathos. We have not had leisure to peruse the work; but the author's name is a sufficient guaranty for its amusing qualities.

NEW-YORK AS IT IS IN 1833, and *Citizens' Advertising Directory*, by Edwin Williams, author of the *New-York Register*, &c.; New-York, Disturnell, 1833. A most useful little manual for the occasional sojourner in our city, giving brief accounts of all that are curious or interesting, and serving as a sufficient guide to strangers for the performance of business. It is furnished with an excellent map of the city and its environs,—of which we have taken notice in a former number.

We annex the title of three new works, announced to be in the press of Carey, Lee & Blanchard, Philadelphia; as having already received the highest praise in Europe. The *New Gil Blas* is said to equal “*Anastarius*” in power of description—Major Hamilton is perhaps better known, as the author of *Cyril Thornton*;—and Paul de Koch is the most distinguished novelist of modern France, and the founder of a new school in Parisian literature.

FINE ARTS.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY of distinguished Americans, conducted by James Herring, of New-York, and J. B. Longacre, of Philadelphia.---We were prevented, by want of room, from noticing the above well executed and beautiful periodical, on its first appearance; a second number has since come out, and we are most happy to add our testimony of its high excellence, to the many notices, which it has elicited from all quarters. All the engravings are extremely respectable; one or two admirable. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and Catharine M. Sedgwick, by R. B. Durand, are of the highest order,---nor do we find line engravings to surpass these in the best English works of this description. Were all the portraits executed with as much ability as these, the National Portrait Gallery would equal at least, if not surpass, Hodge's English Gallery of illustrious persons; from which we apprehend the idea of the present publication took its origin. It is an honor to the enterprise of our country, and we rejoice to hear that its success has not been inferior to its deserts.

TAM O'SHANTER AND SOUTER JOHNNY, THE LANDLORD AND LANDLADY.---Sculpture in hard gray Ayrshire stone, executed by Mr. Thom, a self-taught artist.---We hail with sentiments of the most unqualified satisfaction, the appearance of these invaluable specimens of sculpture on our side of the Atlantic.---The have long been the admiration of connoisseurs as well as of the public generally in the British Isles.---Enjoying as we do, and as we believe do also the far greater portion of our fellow citizens, the exquisite heart touching poetry of Burns, it cannot but be matter of gratulation, that a kindred spirit has started up;---kindred in every moral respect, if not in consanguinity, to illustrate the most fascinating and popular of his poems by figures that bring home to us the very reality of the story.

But if our delight be merely upon viewing those specimens of sculpture, as such, how much must that pleasure and astonishment be enhanced upon the reflection that they are the work of a man who has never been taught the science of the statuary or sculpture; that it is the production of enthusiasm and a naturally correct and classic taste; and that it is even more free from imperfections than we find the works generally to be, of those who have a right to style themselves "artists."

Not the least surprising circumstance in the history of these figures, is this, namely, that they are executed without recourse to any previous model, drawing, figure, or casting.---They spring from the block of ordinary Scotch stone, at the magic touch of this self-taught artist, and present the veritable "*Tam*," with his crony, the Souter, and the contributors to their jollity, the

Landlord and his wife.---It is also remarkable, that although the original design was only to represent the first two, yet the alteration in the *plot* of the group has not in the least deranged the propriety of the several expressions in the countenances and situations.---It is no longer a tale "hugely comical" between Tam and his drouthy crony, those two personages are on the contrary now placed dos-a-dos, and whilst the latter retails some quiet oft-told joke to the man of obesity, the landlord, whose ever ready laugh is fitted for all customers, the former is suspending the action of the arm which carries the cup to his head, until he has discharged some sly, humorous remark into the attentive ear of the eager hostess.

Farther examination of these figures, only add to the delight of their visitors; muscle, limb, and article of dress tells a tale. They are like the moral pictures of Hogarth, the more closely these are observed, the more new features they display.

Very different is the process by which the regular bred artist arrives at the end of his task.---We find him first designing on paper, then modeling in clay, or casting in plaster, winning his way inch by inch to his conclusion; the spirits flagging through the long familiarity with his subject,---whilst our artist of nature, whose model is in his head only, and the strokes of whose mallet are impelled by the goading eagerness with which he views the originally unformed shapeless mass of stone, changing almost its very nature;---inert matter becoming almost instinct with life, and seeming to tell a tale of human joys and human nature.---Such is Mr. Thom's work---the mantle of Burns has fallen upon him. Himself an Ayrshire native, a son of the working classes, an ordinary---but we do him wrong---an extraordinary stone mason. How would the Scottish bard have rejoiced, how would he have honored the man who could give to the creations of his fancy "a local habitation and a name."

But it is time to enter into a detail of these chefs d'œuvres. Mr. Thom has seized the moment for grouping his characters, when they are all "fu happy;" the evening we may easily imagine to have waned into night, and the whole party gleived as it were to their chairs, except the landlady, whose attention seems in a measure divided between present and expected guests. The fine, robust looking athletic figure of Tam himself is most superbly drawn, he is at perfect ease, yet he sits upright in his chair, apparently complete "lord of his person." Few figures in the whole history of sculpture more completely exhibit composed strength, and uncultivated grace than this of the hero. He has just got the cup of "nappy" half up to his lips, when some comical, half roguish conceit or reminiscence comes across him, and his arm continues in that position, until he gives utterance to his idea, by telling it to the landlady, his *speaking face* almost telling us

the nature of the joke as distinctly as though we heard it from his mouth. The brisk hostess, his hearer, turned in her elbow-chair towards him, and eagerly bending forward as she listens with pleased attention to his tale, looking directly in his face, as if to gather from his countenance, as she certainly may, a repetition of that which reaches her ears. She leans upon one elbow of her chair, her foot is a little advanced on the floor, as if she were ready to make personal reply to any call on her hospitable duties.

On the right of the parties in this tête-à-tête, are the souter and the landlord, who, as they are justly entitled, are enjoying *their* jest also. Upon looking at Johnny, the spectator is instantly struck with the idea that he is a *professed, heavy*, determined joker. One who has a large collection of "right merrie conceits," which, in his own notion, are inimitable, and which he discharged with immeasurable self-complacency, and in pitiless profusion, upon every one that may by fate be condemned to fall into his clutches. He has gradually attained to a considerable obesity of person, his fair round face is ornamented with an alforjas, or double chin, large enough for the dew-lips of a mountain steer. The corners of his mouth are turned up with an habitual smile, contracted we suppose by his perpetual satisfaction at his own conceits, his small eyes—laugh not reader, but we could almost say—*twinkling* with pleasure as he utters them. He holds the jug on his knee, after having poured out a draught for the landlord, whom, however, he does not permit to drink it; for, before the latter can do so, the souter delivers himself of *one of his best*, the *point* of which we are to conceive to have just reached the seat of mine host's understanding, for he has just thrown himself back in his chair, his face turned upwards, and an explosion of laughter bursting out at his mouth, his eyes, his cheeks, nay, the very calves of his legs; the muscles of his arms relax of their rigidity, the hand that holds the ale cup gradually droops, and unconsciously the liquor is falling to the ground, whilst the landlord is absorbed in the enjoyment of the jest.

Nothing could be more happily, more felicitously expressed than all this, it is redolent with rustic mirth, and absence of care. Nor has the artist been less attentive to what may be called the accessories of the work, than to the main design. View the landlord, he appears like one well-to-do in the world. He is in the decline of life, as appears by the thin hair on his head, sleekly smoothed down. He is in Shakespeare's fifth age, having a "fair round belly with good capon lined," his clothes are good, but of old fashioned formation. He sits with the ease of a man who has long been used to sit, and feels that his condition in life, as well as his age, entitles him to do so. Every thing about him expresses *substance* and content. The most cursory

glance at the cobbler announces his trade;—we have the knees projected, and the toes turned in, a hollowness on the inside of the lower limbs displays this position in great relief, and strongly marks the souter's vocation. His clothing also is evidently inferior to that of the landlord, and, though not dilapidated, shows more of hard wear, the left pocket particularly, where we may suppose him to have been much in the habit of diving for his snuff-box, is stretched, and presents a yawning chasm into which valuable offerings are thrown from time to time, to be seasonably withdrawn again. Tam is equipped with boot-hose, drawn up from his feet so as almost to cover his limbs; that he is an equestrian is evident from the spur on his heel;—the bonnet sits loosely on his head, and there is an air of a man "well-to-do" in the "reckless, roisterous" entire appearance. But what shall we say of the landlady? She is the *paragon* of Scottish landladies,—and we may conceive, without drawing much upon the imagination, the tidiness and order of the house, by the appearance of its mistress.—She has an ample broad frilled "mutch," just sufficiently withdrawn from her face to show its round, good-humored expression, and the roll of hair upon her forehead, which we could swear is either chestnut or golden. Her draperies are throughout so exquisitely proper and fitting, that had we not known Mr. Thom to be a stone-mason, we should have judged him to be a *marchand des modes*.⁴

Such is the group before us. There is good conversation to be obtained from them. For our own part, we conceive that it is impossible to ascertain all the beauties and all the merits of the work at one visit, how much soever it may be prolonged. Every alteration in the position of the visitor seems to tell him a new tale, and to present to him some new idea. And he may return again and again to improve his acquaintance with these personages,—again and again he will derive new information from them.

The subjects are the size of life,—they are solid, and weigh upon an average, about twenty-three hundred each. Great care has been taken in their transportation from place to place, and hitherto they have fortunately escaped much damage; but they are unwieldy things, and from their very nature are only fit to be introduced in large and populous places, where they can remain for a length of time.

It would be superogatory to wish this remarkable artist success. That is assured to him. A man who, from the uneducated, uncultivated condition of a country stone mason, can make one stupendous bound, and place himself, if not on a level with, at least in the society of, the most distinguished artists, can have none but himself to blame, if he do not in time take his place beside the Canova's and the Chantry's of sculpture. Nor let it be objected against this remark, that his subject is of low life.

Sufficient is the admission, that it is true to *life itself*. The volume of human na-

ture is presented, to be read throughout, and he obtains but a very partial knowledge of his subject, who views only one side. There may be more expanded idea—though even of that there is a question—in portraying the acts, or allegorizing the virtues of the hero, the statesman, or the divine, but the moment the artist goes beyond truth in his conceptions, he falls short of the man who displays human nature *as it is*, in broad and vivid coloring, and who attracts to our notice and invites to our examination, a class of society, whom in the pride of inferior intellect and worldly advantages, we are apt to cast into the shade, or view with indifference.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE.—Our city has again been delighted with chaste but forcible acting of the Kembles, who have this time made us but a short visit. We have nothing to add on the score of criticism respecting these admirable performers; it would now be worse than impertinent to point out beauties with which every understanding is familiar, or to point out peculiarities which all have been able to appreciate; but we could have much to reiterate, if it were necessary, of the applause with which they are greeted, and of the respect with which they are justly treated wherever they go. It has been long known to the world that Mr. Kemble is a man of the nicest and most punctilious feelings and principles. Experience has proved that he reads the volume of human nature, that he knows how to make allowances for customs and habits, not in every point according with his own, and that he is ever anxious to please, and—-we may as well say it—to deserve popularity, by respecting public opinion, without making himself the debased slave of the public voice. His accomplished daughter too, we cannot help thinking, improves daily in the higher excellencies of her art, though when first we witnessed her performances we thought there was little to improve upon. The Kembles must attribute it to themselves if we grow fastidious, for they have awakened in us, so deep a sense of the treasure we at present possess, that they must not wonder if we desire to see its value every hour increased.

FAREWELL BENEFIT OF MISS HUGHES.—So our city has lost the most delightful *artiste* that has warbled upon the boards of this theatre for many a year. That most excellent actress, and amiable female, Miss Hughes, departs for England, perhaps never to return. On Wednesday evening last she took her farewell benefit, on which occasion, she chose her parts in Cinderella and the Princess of Navarre, before a full and highly respectable audience, assembled, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, to do the last act of justice in their power to the talents and conduct of this

highly gifted and much esteemed vocalist.²⁵ Never was she in finer voice—never did her rich and *round* tones roll so mellifluously on the ear, or enchant the soul as on the very verge of being lost altogether. The audience seemed affected, as under species of moral electricity.—Their raptures could not find expression in speech, and they were under the necessity of supplying the deficiency by action. A wreath was thrown at her feet from one of the boxes, which was presently picked up by a gentleman and placed where it was most appropriately intended—upon her head. Thunders of applause followed the act of gallantry, but its effects, however grateful to the feelings of the young lady, was fatal to her voice, and to the further gratification of the audience as far as their ears were concerned, for her agitation was so great, that she was constrained to break short her attempt at the last *encore*. This last, however, as it was *no acting*, but the result of grateful feelings overcoming the strength in her ingenuous soul, so it produced sympathetic emotions in all who beheld it, and she retired amidst the warmest and most deserved plaudits. Peace, happiness, and prosperity go with her to her native land!

Monthly Obituary.

On Tuesday the 21st ult. at Philadelphia, the hon. JOHN RANDOLPH, aged 59. In life a firm and devoted friend to his country, so in death has he proved his friendship for his fellow beings, we allude to the emancipation of all his slaves.—Mr. Randolph long enjoyed the confidence of his fellow citizens, having been repeatedly elected to a seat in Congress, where his powers of oratory, his profound erudition, his many intellectual resources have always tended to the advancement of the interests of our happy country. In the grave his defects, (and what human being is without them,) his eccentricities, his bitter and often biting sarcasm in debate, will be forgotten in the manifold good qualities of his character, the last act of his life not among the least conspicuous.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, suddenly, on the 22d ult. the Rev. SAMUEL JOHNSON, Rector of St. Paul's Church in that city.

On the 14th inst., at the residence of her son-in-law, the Rev. Robert Henry, in Greensburgh, Pennsylvania, Mrs. ELIZABETH BUCHANAN, in her 67th year. She was the relict of Mr. James Buchanan of Mercersburgh, sister to the Rev. William Speer, and mother of James Buchanan, now Ambassador at the Court of all the Russias.

At Manchester, Vt. on the 23d inst., the Hon. RICHARD SKINNER, formerly Governor of that State.

Suddenly, at St. Mary's Georgia, on the 13th inst., GEORGE S. BROWN, of the firm of Seabury & Brown, of this city, aged 36.

The Rev. J. REID, aged eight-five, incumbent of Rockliffe, near Carlisle, for fifty-four years. He and his predecessor filled the situation for 112 years.